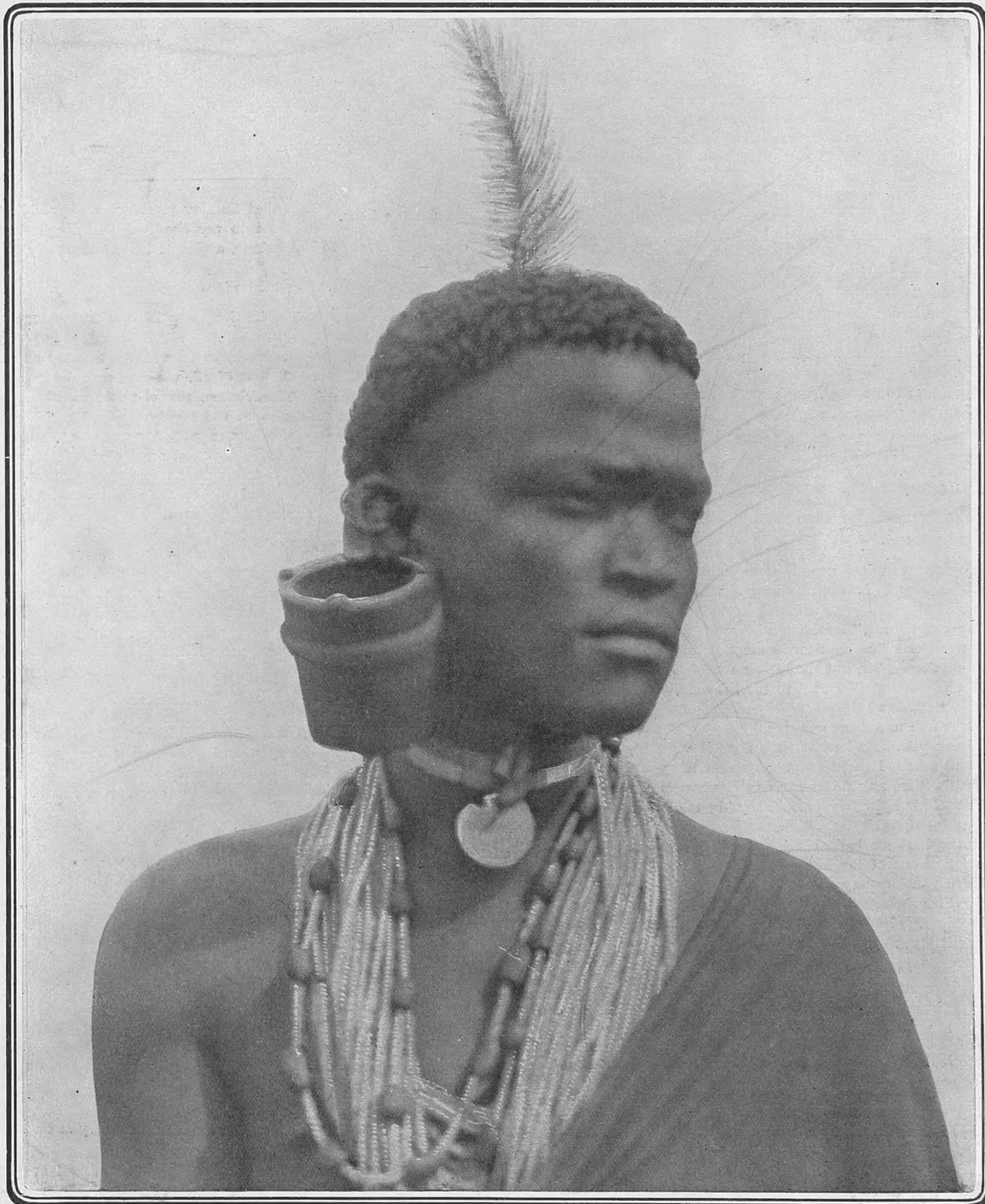


The Sketch

No. 1009.—Vol. LXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1912.

SIXPENCE.

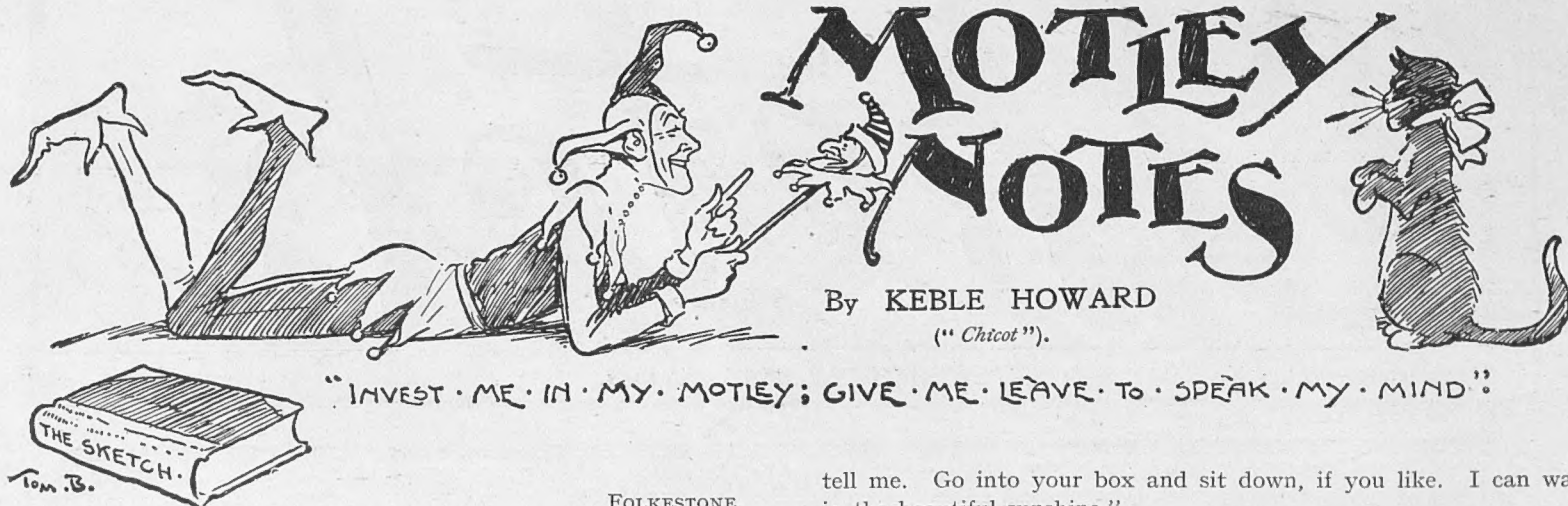


56334, L'Annee.

THE JAR OF WEST AFRICA! A JAR AS AN EAR-ORNAMENT.

The young West African whose portrait is here given is wearing an ordinary small jam-jar as an ear-ornament, the lobe of the ear encircling the jar. Such great "earrings" are made possible by gradually increasing the size of the object carried in the pierced lobe, beginning with a small stick, proceeding to a larger one, and so on.

Photograph by Grahame, Ellery.



An Early Morning Dialogue.

Before I forget it, I must place on record a little conversation that I had with a maid of Kent on the first morning of my present visit to the delightful town of Folkestone. Southern conversations are very different from Northern conversations. I have no desire to labour the point, but I am quite sure that neither this dialogue nor the one with the waiter given on this page a couple of weeks ago could have happened in the North of England. The gentle climate of Kent, I fancy, is responsible for such events.

"Is the bath-room disengaged?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"There is nobody in it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then it is not disengaged?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

"But you said there was somebody in it!"

"Yes, Sir."

Not wishing to go mad, I tried another set of rails.

"How many are there?"

"Only one, Sir."

"Only one bath-room?"

"Oh, no, Sir. Only one gentleman in the bath-room."

I love Kent.

A Deadly Secret.

It was a beautiful day, and I thought I would slip over to Boulogne and back. Three hours on the water, you know, and perhaps an hour at Boulogne. An hour at Boulogne is quite enough when you know the place fairly well.

"Can you tell me," I said to a boy who was selling papers on the Leas, "what time the boat for Boulogne starts?"

"Couldn't say, Sir, but the lift-man might know."

"Can you tell me," I said to the lift-man, "what time the boat for Boulogne starts?"

"'Bout five minutes to twelve."

"Thank you. And what time does it start back?"

"'Bout seven, I should say. Couldn't tell you for certain."

"Aren't there any papers or advertisements about it?"

"Not that I knows on. They'd tell you down at the harbour."

But the harbour looked a long way off. I decided to try the hall-porter of one of the big hotels.

"Have you any paper about the boats to Boulogne?"

"No, Sir. What was it you wanted to know?"

"I only want to know all about them—what time they start, how long it takes to cross, how long one must wait there, what time they start back, the fare, and a few details of that sort. There must be some paper published. Have a good look!"

"There's no paper. You have to stay there about six hours."

"No, no. Listen quietly and try not to interrupt. See how calm I am! Now, then. This is Folkestone? Good. There is Boulogne? Good. I want to step on the boat, steam across, stroll about for half-an-hour or so, and steam back. Is that all clear?"

"That's clear enough, but you can't do it. You have to wait there six hours."

"And there are no published details of any kind whatsoever?"

"No, Sir." (Very, very cheerfully).

"But why not? Have you not, in your experience as hall-porter in this hotel, ever come across anybody who wanted to know these details? Would it not be a splendid idea to have some list of times and fares? Don't hurry! Think the thing over, and then

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“ Chicot ”).

tell me. Go into your box and sit down, if you like. I can wait in the beautiful sunshine."

"Well, Sir, I can tell you straight off about it. You have to wait there six hours. If you want any more information, you can get it down at the harbour. Not that there's any to get, Sir."

I walked off, wrapped in a steely calm that was almost uncanny.

On the Leas.

All that Sunday morning, a certain line *would* come into my head. I will set it down, not out of disrespect to Folkestone, a place I love, but simply to get rid of it—

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the leas.

A beautiful line, and quite inappropriate to Folkestone, but it haunted me.

You may learn a great deal by spending a Sunday on the Leas at Folkestone. You get, first of all, the predominant scents of the English Sabbath—eau-de-Cologne, prayer-books, and boiling cabbage. Then you may admire the kindly thought which results in all the members of each school of girls dressing in the same colour. This rule obtains that Gladys shall not score off Mabel; or Miranda, whose Papa has made that enormous fortune out of compressed mutton, hold her little head higher than Elizabeth, whose Papa merely served his country as a soldier, and is therefore poor. Josephine, having tripped across the Channel to learn English with the correct Folkestone accent, rather upsets the scheme. Her costume, it is true, is white in conformity with the commands of the circular, but how dazzlingly white! What delicate material! What a naughty little hat! What saucy little boots! And Josephine's stockings! Well, well! Even the good ladies who keep select seminaries for young ladies at Folkestone are human, and Josephine, from across the Channel, leads the crocodile.

"Eet ees a Pity for You."

A man who suddenly feels too lazy to shave himself, and therefore turns into a barber's shop of which he knows nothing, must not complain of anything short of a bad cut or barber's rash. He may, however, relate his misadventures.

My little man was a Frenchman. Folkestone is full of French barbers.

"That water is cold," I said after the initial dab.

"Ees eet? . . . You shave yourself—yes?"

"You've splashed a large lump of soap into my eye!"

"Yes? Oh, dear! . . . You put anything on after shaving—no?"

"That razor's blunt!"

"Ees eet? I give 'im a turn or two. . . . You know this ointment—no?"

"You've made my chin bleed!"

"'Ave I? Oh, zat ees nozing! . . . Dees very good stoof for the face after shave—ver good indeed! You take a box?"

"Stop! Stop! Stop! I can't stand any more of that scraping! It's simply awful!"

"You do not like? Very well. Let me put you on the face a leetle of this ointment—yees?"

"No, thank you. Give me a towel."

"You will not take a box of this ointment? Eet ees a peety for you that you not know dees ointment—a great peety. . . ."

And then, from force of habit, I actually tipped the little beast.

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IN THE FLOWERY LAND, CHELSEA: SOCIETY AMONG EXHIBITS AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.



1. MR. JOHN BURNS.

2. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.

3. THE COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA.

4. THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

5. LORD AND LADY PENRHYN.

6. VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH; AND MAJOR BRADFORD ATKINSON.

7. THE ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA AND HIS WIFE.

The great International Horticultural Exhibition, in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, which is undoubtedly the biggest thing of its kind, was opened last week by the King, who was accompanied by the Queen and by Princess Mary. Scores of Society people have followed their Majesties' example by making a thorough tour of the show.

Photographs by Topical and Underwood and Underwood.

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GEORGE ALEXANDER and MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
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EVERY EVENING at 8.45.

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Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.**CANADA.**Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
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Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"PETER'S CHANCE," the play by Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, to which Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie are devoting a series of their special matinées at the Royalty, presents a picture of such unalloyed goodness that there is a sense of unreality about it all. Many have compared it to the pages of a Sunday-school magazine: and the comparison, though commonplace, is just. But it has some excellent qualities. It is dramatically interesting in a gentle way; it is very sincere; and the picture of life in an East End mission is painted by one who has clearly studied the real thing with sympathetic care. Against the central figure—the kindly, simple-minded Father Bentley—there is no accusation of unreality to be made. He is a real man, finely and beautifully drawn; and for the playing of the part by Mr. J. D. Beveridge no praise could be too high. Miss Constance Little, too, as a very good girl, played with a sweet pathos which was most fascinating; and a very bad girl was cleverly sketched in by Miss Florence Lloyd. As the good boy, Mr. Owen Nares was excellent, if a trifle gentle in speech and manner for his station.

The French players at the Little Theatre seem to be having a prosperous season, and a visit to them when they were playing Capus' little farce, "Les Maris de Léontine," disclosed a distinct improvement in the acting as compared with some of their previous efforts. It is a frivolous thing in the usual Capus vein; not so witty as some specimens of his work that we have seen. Léontine had been married and divorced and married and divorced, and now she was married to a baron, and her last husband was very anxious that the baron should not put her away, and the baron flew into passions on making awful discoveries, but was ultimately persuaded to make the best of things as they were. Mlle. Suzanne Demars was quite entertaining as the much-wedded heroine, and Mlle. Renée Derigny played with a most impressive dignity as a Marquise with strong views on divorce.

The eighth Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's was started judiciously by a revival of "The Merchant of Venice," for playgoers were anxious to see Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, fresh from her success, as Portia. There seem to be two opinions about her work. Some critics have praised her Portia in terms that would have been a little flattering if applied to the performances of Ada Rehan and Ellen Terry in the part. Others have failed to see anything quite wonderful in her presentation, whilst admitting that she gives a meritorious, agreeable piece of acting. So here is a question for the great public to settle. All are agreed that Sir Herbert's Shylock is one of his best Shakespearean studies, remarkable for its power, its strong suggestion of character, and its picturesqueness. He has never played the part better than in the present revival. Miss Laura Cowie is a delightful Nerissa—one of the best in our times; Mr. A. E. George tackles the heavy humours of Gobbo very cleverly. The rest of the company is rather short of brilliance, and there is a deplorable tendency to act the play too slowly. The revival has all the prettiness of the original production at this theatre.

"The Spanish Lovers," in which Miss Mona Limerick has been appearing at the Little Theatre, is an experiment in the antique, being an adaptation of a Spanish dramatic dialogue novel of the fifteenth century. It showed that the art of playwriting had advanced remarkably far in Spain at that early period; but on the modern stage it is more of a curiosity than a play. Thanks to some extraordinarily powerful acting by Miss Limerick, it had its fine moments, being the story of two lovers whose end was death; but even Miss Limerick was unable to keep the interest up all the time, as her acting is marred by a determination to be too intensely romantic. Mr. W. Fay was rather lost in a small part, where his humour could find little play; an old witch and dealer in love-potions was cleverly acted by Miss Isabel Grey.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



AN INFORMAL SYMPOSIUM AND AN INFORMAL KING: TASTE IN TORTURE: AND A PILGRIMAGE.

Bachelors Last. A score of men seated round a club luncheon-table were discussing the *Titanic* disaster and the lessons to be gathered from it. The men belonged to half-a-dozen different professions, and were as representative a set of men-of-the-world as could be gathered together by chance. The general

But the Tibetans with an enemy cornered, as they have cornered the Chinese garrison at Lhasa, are not at all pleasant gentlemen to deal with. The Tibetans have a very pretty taste in tortures, and, though the Chinese are no novices in this respect, they may learn something new if they fall alive into Tibetan hands. The Chinese have always imposed their suzerainty on Tibet, and our treaties with that country have always been made with the sanction of the Chinese Government. When the British force evacuated Lhasa, the Chinese Government sent a force to uphold the Chinese authority in the Tibetan capital. The Chinese authorities and the monks of Lhasa did not agree on many matters, and the result is that the Chinese soldiers, their ammunition exhausted, are feeding on the carcasses of dead baggage-animals, while vast crowds of armed Tibetans are waiting at a respectful distance until starvation does its work.

Tibetan Strategy. This waiting strategy is a favourite manoeuvre with Tibetans. I can recall the story an explorer told me of his unsuccessful attempt to reach Lhasa. He had been requested by Tibetan officials to turn back, but he persisted in going forward. No actual attack was made upon him, but no provisions were allowed to reach him, and parallel to his line of march moved on either side of him an ever-growing body of Tibetans, who watched him day and night as vultures watch a wounded buck. At last he had to capitulate. The Tibetans were afraid to do him harm, but they only gave him provisions when he had accepted their conditions as to the route by which he was to return at once to British territory.

The Tom Brown Pilgrimage. A pilgrimage of admirers of the late Judge Tom Hughes has, I read, been made to Uffington, his birthplace. "Tom Brown's School-days," was written at Wimbledon, however, and not at Uffington, and it was at Twyford, near Winchester, a preparatory school, that Tom Hughes obtained his love for out-of-door sports, and became an apostle of the manliness of boys. I have my memories—delightful ones—of Mr. Hughes at the time that he lived in one of the old houses in Mayfair, before he was appointed to his County Court judgeship at Chester. His soldier son was in the same regiment



IN FRONT OF THE BARRACKS OF THE ONLY WHITE AND IMPERIAL TROOPS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA: THE FIRST FREETOWN TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS, SIERRA LEONE.

The troop was raised in August of last year, and numbers seventy-two. The buildings in the background are the barracks of the Garrison Artillery and Engineers, the only white and Imperial troops on the West Coast of Africa. The Committee, seated, are, from left to right: F. A. Miller, Major-General J. A. Ferrier, C.B., D.S.O. (President), H. E. Sir Edward Merewether, K.C.V.O., etc. (Governor and Chief Scout for the Colony of Sierra Leone), J. J. Thomas, C.M.G. and (on ground) Captain W. D. Croft (A.D.C. and Scoutmaster).—[Photograph by A. Lish-Carew.]

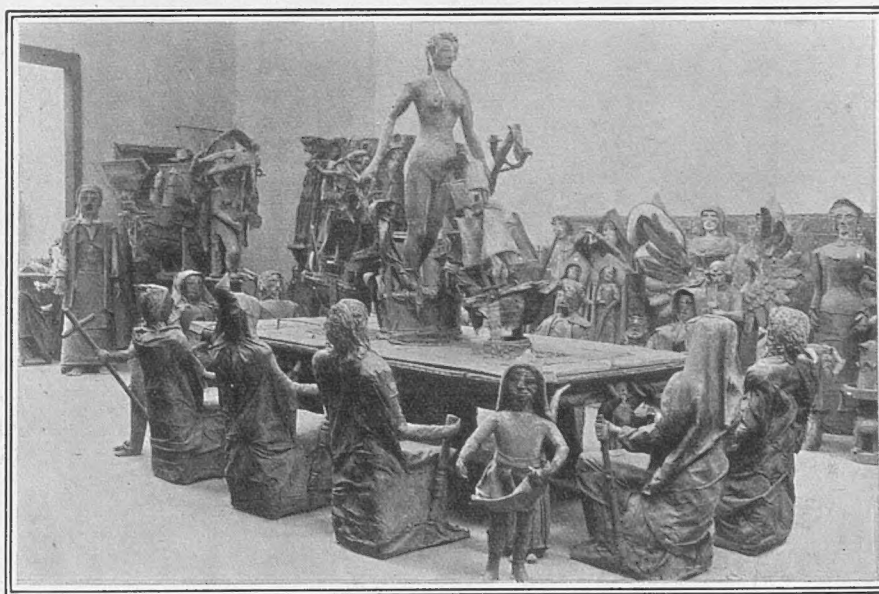
conclusion of this informal symposium was that to save the hostages to fortune and to let the breadwinner go to his death was not reasonable from any point of view; that should the circumstances of the *Titanic* shipwreck ever recur, which is not likely, the families, including the breadwinner of the family, should all be given an equal chance of being saved, it being decided by lot which families should go and which should remain in case it were not possible to save all. On one matter there was general agreement—that bachelors should be the last to be saved. This agrees with the custom in the Navy. No married man is ever selected for very dangerous service.

The Late King of Denmark.

The late King of Denmark was not as well known amongst us as his father, King Christian. The late King, however, was frequently in our country, and was the colonel of an English infantry regiment, the plain helmet and buff facings of which looked curious amidst the feathers and mass of gold lace of the other kings and princes when he attended the funeral of King Edward. He was just as simple amongst his own people in Copenhagen as his father was, and the solitary strolls he delighted in taking (and during one of which he came to his death) were one of the habits he had learned from his father. His reign had not been long enough for as many stories to crystallise round him as were told of the old King Christian, who was found in the street one day by an Equerry, surrounded by workmen in their shirt-sleeves, the King in the friendliest way defending the monarchical principle while the workmen with equal friendliness put the case for a Republic. There is another story of the old King meeting a crony and taking him into a restaurant for some refreshment, and being obliged to sit there until he saw his son, the then Crown Prince, pass, for he had no money in his pocket, and did not like to borrow any from anybody except his own family. Yet another tale which has always delighted me was told of the old King Christian. An old woman, an apple-seller in the street, was ordered by a policeman to move on. Her reply was "Just you wait until the King and his big dogs come round this way, and then we'll see whether you can order me to move on!"

The Chinese at Lhasa.

The Tibetans are not famous for their valour, and during the British advance to Lhasa it was the desperate nature of the country that hampered our men far more than the Tibetan irregulars, who made a very poor showing against our Gurkhas and other Indian troops.



FROM THE DAYS OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION: WEIRD LEATHER FIGURES WHICH ARE TO BE SEEN IN "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND," AT EARL'S COURT.

[Photograph by Barratt.]

with me, and was my especial friend, and on the first occasion that I went to New York, I carried with me letters of introduction from Tom Hughes, which took me into very pleasant literary and political circles there.



WELL KNOWN AS A WRITER:
MRS. WALTER TIBBITS.

Mrs. Tibbits is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel G. N. Pepper (31st East Surrey Regiment), and is descended from Captain George Pepper "the Adventurer," who received Ballygarth Castle from Charles I. It is still in the family, and its legend was dramatised by Thomas Moore. Her book, "The Voice of the Orient," was commended in the warmest terms by her Majesty the Queen. Its sequel is now in the press under the title of "Cities Seen in East and West."

Photograph by Lafayette.

quite special beauties this season—but also their disabilities. "Oh, do not offer me more strawberries—I have just put down my veil so carefully," pleaded an afternoon caller in Lowndes Square last week. And at the Ritz the other day a woman, the most capable of her sex, was bound to admit herself held captive by the same chains of finest lace. She had finished lunch, scribbled a note, and taken her solitary stamp from its gold case. But she could not lick it; her veil was lowered. At the next table was Mr. Samuel, and even nearer at hand sat Mr. Balfour. But from a

THE river is to have an exceptional year, and the King's presence will make Henley Regatta feel like the young brother, or at least the country cousin, of a Spithead Review. At one time it was generally known that his Majesty preferred a punt to a grand stand at a racecourse, and the sight of a boating "blazer" and a straw hat to "colours" and a peak-cap. But if his Majesty allows such preferences to become obscured for public and social reasons, it is not for the public and Society to make objections. At a stated date King George put the Turf among his pleasures, but the Thames has a place of old in his affections.

The Veiled Prisoner.

Veils have their beauties—their quite special beauties this season—but also their disabilities. "Oh, do not offer me more strawberries—I have just put down my veil so carefully," pleaded an afternoon caller in Lowndes Square last week. And at the Ritz the other day a woman, the most capable of her sex, was bound to admit herself held captive by the same chains of finest lace. She had finished lunch, scribbled a note, and taken her solitary stamp from its gold case. But she could not lick it; her veil was lowered. At the next table was Mr. Samuel, and even nearer at hand sat Mr. Balfour. But from a feminine sense of the fitness of things—of not talking shop out of office hours—it was not the Postmaster-General who was chosen for lip-service.

Private Spirit.

Town is full of the people who come to the capital to crowd into a month of the season the work of a quarter. And the streets are filled with their cars, helping them to do it. Now is the time when chauffeurs from Devonshire or Yorkshire may be observed making an initial trial of the mysteries of Metropolitan traffic. One such has been confiding to his mistress that the warnings of his cockney confrères are more alarming than the actuality. "But I tell 'em tales, too," he continued. "I've told them of the dangers of the country roads, and how careful you must go at this time of the year when everybody's carrying garden-tools. You can't," I said, "run over a man without—risking a puncture."

Chosen People.

With the advent of larger dinner-parties comes the larger reception. Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill's five hundred guests made something of a record

in their kind, for they were gathered together, not in the name of politics, or dancing, or music, or even a commanding title. R.S.V.P., and nothing more, was marked upon the corner of the cards that filled the Grafton Galleries. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Zangwill, who meant a host (of guests) in herself, provided abundant entertainment. A Zangwill play was in progress in one room; elsewhere Mark Hambourg did his brilliant best on the piano; and singing and recitation made people aware of a constant quiet roar of talk. Everybody seemed to be there—except

Christabel—on whom, by the way, a policeman had already attempted to leave a card in Mr. Zangwill's Sussex home.

An Artist at Play.

Last week a poster by Mr. Sargent made fresh fame for a pianist and his concert in Bond Street. And at the concert itself Mr. Sargent's presence was felt to be as great a compliment as the one he had paid with his pencil. He watched Mr. Percy Grainger's dancing fingers and dancing locks with a painter's eye, perhaps; but his ear is the ear of a true musician. Mr. Sargent himself plays; he played, in old days, when Carmencita sat to him, that she might not forget the poise and spring inspired by dance-music, and he has played to other favoured friends. Mr. Max Beerbohm has drawn him at his work, flinging paint upon his canvas to the accompaniment of a brass band. But for once "Max" was at fault; a brass band does not typify Mr. Sargent's studio music.

Her Greatest "Score."

Another of Mr. Sargent's musical sitters was in the hall for Mr. Percy Grainger's concert. Miss Ethel Smyth, fresh from making all her points in the witness-box at the Suffragist Conspiracy trial, was reminded by troops of friends that her triumphs were reported in the afternoon papers: "Your greatest 'score,'" whispered a friend who knows all her others. Lady Mond, Mrs. Charles Hunter, Miss May Sinclair, were noted in a particularly large and elaborate audience. But neither Mr. Lewis Harcourt nor "the pick of the basket" was there to catch the embarrassed eyes of the many friends they have in common with Miss Smyth.



THE HON. EWEN MONTAGU, SECOND SON OF LORD SWAYTHLING, AS PHARAOH, CHARACTERS IN THE HEBREW PLAY, "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN," AT THE PALESTINE EXHIBITION.

Mr. Ewen Montagu was born in 1901, the second son of Lord Swaythling, the famous banker. His elder brother, Stuart Albert Samuel, was born in 1898; his younger brother, Ivor Goldsmid Samuel, in 1904.



"INVISIBLE" TO MR. JUSTICE DARLING THE OTHER DAY:
MR. DOUGLAS HOGG.

When the action Churchill v. Blackwood was mentioned before Mr. Justice Darling some days before the actual trial, the Judge asked Mr. F. E. Smith, counsel for Mr. Winston Churchill, whether Mr. Douglas Hogg, counsel for Messrs. Blackwood, was in court. To this Mr. Hogg, referring to the fact that he was without wig and gown, replied, "Yes; but I am not visible to your Lordship." To this Mr. Justice Darling answered: "Well, the application is assented to through Mr. Smith, who can see Mr. Hogg. Mr. Hogg can see me, although I cannot see him."



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AS A "BOY SCOUT": THE FAMOUS ADMIRAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

Lord Charles, who is the President of the Portsmouth Boy Scouts, reviewed the "command" the other day. He wore the Scout hat and tunic, as the photograph shows.

Photograph by R. Silk.



ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT DUNCANNON, HEIR OF LORD BESSBOROUGH:
MLLE. ROBERTE NEUFFLIZE.

Mlle. Roberte Neufflize, here seen in hunting dress, is the only daughter of Baron de Neufflize, of Paris. Lord Duncannon is the eldest of the Earl of Bessborough's three sons.

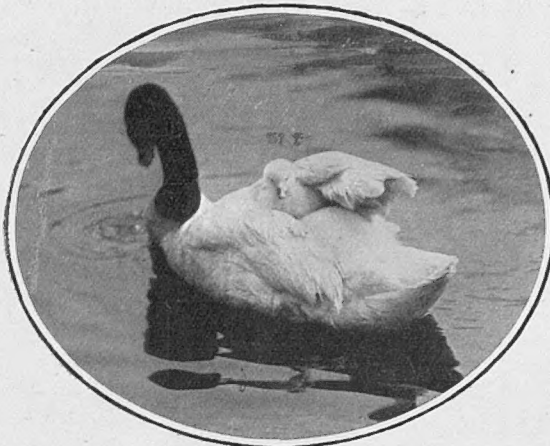
Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO.



MISS ELEANOR MONTGOMERIE — FOR REVERSING THE CUSTOMARY ORDER OF THINGS, AND, AFTER HAVING BEEN AN ACTRESS AT THE GAIETY, WEDDING A COMMONER.

Photograph by L.N.A.



A BLACK-NECKED SWAN, AT THE "ZOO"—FOR TAKING ITS YOUNG UNDER ITS WING, AND SO PROVIDING MANY WITH A "SIGHT."

Photograph by W. S. Berridge.



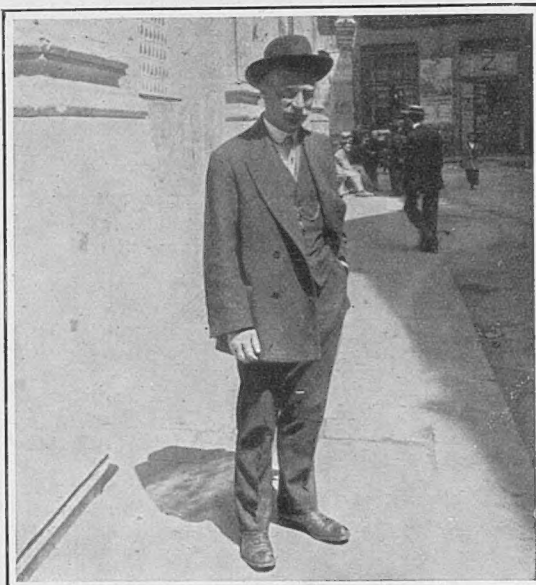
M. ESCOFFIER — FOR INVENTING FRAISES SARAH BERNHARDT AND IMPROVING UPON THE ORIGINAL DODINE DE CANARD AU CHAMBERTIN OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



LORD HALDANE — FOR BEING INCOGNITO DURING HIS SECOND PRIVATE VISIT TO GERMANY THIS YEAR.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



PROFESSOR MALLADRA — FOR DESCENDING INTO THE CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS AND TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS THERE.

Photograph by Redo d'Agostino.



MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE — FOR DECIDING TO FLY TO HIS WEDDING; AND MISS DOROTHY TAYLOR — FOR BEING ENGAGED TO AN AIRMAN AS FAMOUS AS MR. GRAHAME-WHITE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MR. H. M. BATEMAN — FOR HIS IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS, "MINUTES WITH THE MIGHTY."

Photograph by Heppel.

Lord Haldane left London for Germany, on the 21st of the month, on what was described as a private visit. His last "private" visit to the land ruled by the Kaiser was in February of this year.—Black-necked swans, carrying cygnets on their backs in the manner shown, are now to be seen at the "Zoo." The cygnet here photographed was four days old when the "snap" was taken.—In this issue we begin a new series by Mr. H. M. Bateman—"Minutes With the Mighty: Imaginary Interviews."—Professor Malladra and a guide recently descended into the crater of Vesuvius with the aid of a 420-foot rope. At the bottom, the Professor took a number of photographs and noted temperatures. The descent took two hours; the exploration, two hours; the ascent, two hours and a half.—Miss Eleanor Montgomery, who was married the other day to Mr. James Arthur, only son of the late Mr. Thomas Glen Arthur, of Carrick House, Ayr, and nephew of Sir Matthew Arthur, Bt., is the second daughter of Lady Sophia Montgomery, daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Eglinton and Winton. She "walked on" in "Peggy," at the Gaiety, believing that everyone should have a definite object in life. Both bride and bridegroom are exceedingly popular.—Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the famous airman, is to marry Miss Dorothy Taylor, a pretty young American, at Wiford, Essex, on June 27. He proposes to fly to his wedding.—M. Escoffier's new masterpiece, "Fraises Sarah Bernhardt," was introduced at the first dinner of the "Ligue des Gourmands" the other evening, and was voted at least the equal of Pêches Melba. At the same time M. Escoffier's new version of Dodine de Canard au Chambertin, a modernisation of a receipt dating from the fourteenth century, was presented.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

BATTERSEA has taken up mixed bathing in its baths, but no one can be a "mixed Battersea bather" unless a member of an approved club or provided with a pass signed by the Town Clerk, a Borough Councillor, or two ratepayers. These proud persons will be posing as Knights of the Bath on bath nights

THE MODERN EVE.

(The Whitsuntide hat is adorned with natural-looking apples and the blossom of the tree fastened on a tall aigrette.)

Phyllis, I humbly confess
Every succeeding mon-
strosity
Which you adopt as a hat
Fills me with fresh curi-
osity.

Why do you pile on your head
So much extravagant
flummery?
Apples, I beg to submit,
Are far more autumnal
than summery.

Why should the nodding aigrette,
(An ornament doomed to ster-
ility)

Carry both blossom and fruit,
Outraging all probability?
Yet imitation, we know,
Is the sincerest of flattery,
Is it to emulate Eve
That you resort to Mad-hattery?

The first photograph of the
South Pole ever
taken has lately been published
in the papers. It is nothing
like so dramatic a picture as
the one here given of the
North Pole, which shows the
place embellished with Dr.
Cook's hat and stick, for all the
world like a suburban hat-stand.

Camogeoeth is said to be a game which the L.C.C. are going to introduce on the wilds of Clapham Common. The best part of the sport for the spectators is the untying of the knots in your tongue every time you have pronounced its name.

The lunatics have been let loose over the General Unrest. Here is one of them talking about the "unfair division" of wealth. Wealth is not divided, it's earned; and those who have neither push nor brains have to do without.

"Schoolgirls," says an authority, "should have no shame in eating four plentiful meals a day." They haven't. It is only when they come of an age to think about their waists that girls begin to starve themselves.

"Russian aspen," says an informative person, "is the only wood used in the manufacture of French matches." Thanks. I have often wondered what villainous tree the things came from.

"SPARKS."

("I woke him up and said,
'What ships have you got,
Sparks?' (nick-name for wire-
less operators). He said, 'Only
the Titanic.'")

When you're steaming o'er the
waters, and you know that all is well
With the giant ocean liner that's half ship
and half hotel,
When the waves are glittering brightly in
the radiant noonday light,
Or the ice-floes grinding round you in the
darkness of the night,
Remember that among the guards that
keep the ship from wreck



Is a crowded little cabin hidden somewhere
on the deck,
Where, working single-handed, and ex-
changing his remarks
With the ships that pass beyond your
sight, sits Operator Sparks.
That appealing S.O.S.,
The signal of distress,
It tells its tale of horror to the Operator
Sparks.

He's listening at the earpiece, with his
fingers on the keys,
Collecting for your safety all the story of
the seas;
He sits alone, the human soul that guides
the strange machine
Which speaks with distant vessels the look-
out has never seen.
He's little time for eating, and he's next
to none for sleep,
His brain must always keep in touch the
mystery of the deep;
To voices all unknown to you his ear atten-
tive harks,

A man who never shirks his work is Operator Sparks.
He sends out S.O.S.,
The signal of distress,
Till the ship goes down beneath the feet of
Operator Sparks!

So far from wearing paniers, the
women of Paris are having their skirts
made so tight that they have to be slit
up to the knee. Paris frocks must look
as ragged as our last year's trousers soon
will if we have any more tailors' strike.

And, meanwhile, the London laundry-
men are meeting to arrange a higher
scale of charges. What with ragged
suits and dirty shirts, let us pray for
a fine summer and a bathing-costume.



And talking of photographs, a pic-
ture has been taken of the phono-
graphic letter E, which shows that
letter like a row of shark's back teeth.
Now we want a photograph of the
letter H, which should be a regular
grinder.

See how one thing leads into another.
A gentleman from Ramsgate states that
cannibals have excellent teeth. It may
be so, but most of us would sooner
spend Whitsun at the dentist's than go
in for any such new food vagary as
cannibalism.

A rich American has directed in
his will that, as long as his cat sur-
vives, his property shall not be distri-
buted among his heirs. If there is any
hustle left in America that cat must
be as good as dead.

"Under the conditions of modern life,"
says a correspondent of the *Times*, "few
of us know where we shall be in six months'
time." Never before in the history of the
world have people known where they would
be in a month's time, and if there really are
a few who can see so far into the future at
the present moment, they should make pots
of money.

"Browning will always interest students."
From "How to Say the Nasty Thing in the
Nice Way," by Bishop Boyd-Carpenter.

Summer really has set in, for the delicate
bathing-machines along the South Coast have
come out for Whitsuntide.



THE ONLY CREATURES LIKELY TO SEE THE "TITANIC" AGAIN.

DENIZENS OF THE DEEP SEA: ABYSSAL FISHES.



1. 345 FATHOMS: THE SCABBARD FISH (LEPIDOPUS TENUIS).
2. 900 FATHOMS: SACCOPHARYNX FLAGELLUM.
3. A DWELLER IN DEEP WATERS: APHONOPS CARBO.
4. 143 FATHOMS: HALIOCHIRURGUS CENTRISCOIDES.

5. 2200 FATHOMS: GASTROSTOMUS BAIRDIL.
6. 1000 FATHOMS: STYLOPHTHALMUS PARADOXUS.
7. 1500 FATHOMS: CHIASMODON NIGER.
8. 1400 FATHOMS: APHYONUS GELATINOSUS.

The "Titanic" lies in water two miles deep—that is, 1760 fathoms. Here are some of the only living creatures likely to see the wreck of the great vessel—fish from the abysses of the ocean—with notes as to the depths at which they have been found. With regard to *Stylophthalmus paradoxus*, it should be said that the long eye-stalks are characteristic of the young, and shorten before the adult stage is attained. The *Chiasmodon niger* shown has swallowed a fish larger than itself; hence its distended condition. *Aphyonus gelatinosus* is blind and colourless, and has a body which is almost transparent. [Photographs by J. L. Clarke.]



SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS IN "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND."

Shakespeare at
Earl's Court.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this" naturally occurs to the mind of one who, within a space of four-and-twenty hours, sees "The Merchant of Venice" at His Majesty's, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Globe Theatre, "Shakespeare's England," Earl's Court.



"AN' IT'S A POSITIVE FAC":
MR. NEIL KENYON AS ANGUS
MACPHERSON IN "LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE."

still puzzle the pundits. At Earl's Court you have to-day a crowd of hireling pittites on their stools, and, of course, certain gallants sitting on the stage, at the sides, and interfering to some extent with the players. It is, perhaps, fortunate that this habit of putting playgoers on the stage itself has been abolished, for, had it continued to our times, these places would be given to the critics, and deplorable accidents might happen to some of us not gifted with an easy enthusiasm.

Female Players. Realism is not pushed to extremes at the Globe Theatre (1912), for Sweet Anne Page and Mistress Ford and Mistress Page are represented by ladies, and we all, except, possibly, Macaulay's schoolboy, know that actresses did not appear during Shakespeare's lifetime. The very new Globe Theatre goes a good deal further, for the part of Falstaff's page is represented by a young woman: this seems to me intolerable. How strange to think that the author's wonderful women were created for representation by members of his own sex! His own, since I believe that none of the disputants as to the authorship of the plays suggests that they were written by a woman. What would the author—let me call him "Shakespeare" "without prejudice," have thought had he lived to see a Sarah Siddons, an Ellen Terry, or an Ada Rehan representing his heroines!

The Modern
Scenery.

What would he have thought of certain other changes? In my opinion, he would have been more than human—there are, of course, admirers who write about him as though he were—if he had seen his plays crawling along during an evening, with serious cuts and long pauses for changes of scenery, without making a violent protest. He was rather a master of bad

language, and I think he would have had something to say interesting to a student in swearing, such as Bob Acres. Watching the quite creditable performance of that rather second-rate Shakespearean farce, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," I felt much impressed by the fact that the lack of gorgeous scenery did not distress me—possibly because I am one of those playgoers who see an enormous amount of drama presented cheaply and under circumstances where I am invited to assist the author as much as possible by my powers of make-belief. Many of us are having our imaginative faculties atrophied by disuse. Lovely pictures standing before our very eyes are offered to us, and gorgeous dresses, sensuous music, even realistic storms—one there was in "Othello" so vivid that a lady of my acquaintance, who is dreadfully afraid of thunder and lightning, closed eyes and ears after the first clap of thunder in the last act, under the belief that a real storm was raging outside, sank deeply into herself and regretted bitterly that she was not in a "whisky stall," so that she might easily have sought the hospitality of Sir Herbert's coal-cellar. By the presentation in this fashion of what Shakespeare merely described in matchless language, our luxurious playgoers are caused to allow their imaginations to go to sleep, and they become far less appreciative than their sturdy ancestors.

Physical
Endurance.

What sturdy playgoers they used to be, sitting through a whole performance of "Hamlet" without a break, sometimes—I say, "sometimes," since there is a great dispute on the question of entr'actes and the Elizabethan stage. The evidence seems to show that occasionally there were brief intervals. And they had no luxurious seats with backs to them in the pit. Moreover, the performances were in the open air. I wonder what happened when it rained? No umbrellas in those days, no macintoshes, no wonderful garments warranted to let air out without letting rain in, and generally acting in exactly the opposite way. What quarrels there must have been when the rain fell, what disputes about getting one's money back! Conceivably, some regulations existed on the point if the storm arrived within a given period of the beginning of the play.

A little awkward, too, for the players, since waterproof make-up had not been invented. One noteworthy feature at the Globe was the absence of footlights, to cast strange shadows on the face and to do more—to isolate the players from the audience: one might say, insulate, rendering them a class apart, non-human, and in the opinions of some (of them), semi-divine. It is not unlikely that many a swollen head has been the curiously indirect result of this bar of light separating the actors from the audience—as the Valkyrie Maiden from the world by the flames for which Wagner has written the immortal "Fire-Music."



PEPPERY, PERTURBED PAPA:
MR. SAM WALSH AS PIERPOINT
PORCHES IN "LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Pierpoint Porches is one of the best things Mr. Walsh has done, and will add to his reputation.



MR. PORCHES' DAUGHTER: MISS EVA MOORE
AS KATE BELLINGHAM IN "LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE."

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

IMITATING A STATUE TO DECEIVE A BULL: A REMARKABLE "ACT."

IN A SPANISH BULL-RING; AND OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS OF BULL-FIGHTING.



1. CHARGED BY A BULL AND BETWEEN ITS TWO HORNS: A BANDERILLERO CAUGHT AT THE MOMENT OF HIS ATTACK.
2. WAVING A CLOAK BEFORE THE INFURIATED ANIMAL: THE MEXICAN MATADOR, RODOLFO GAONA, PREPARING TO DISPATCH A BULL.
3. ATTACKED BY THE BULL JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO STICK A LANCE INTO IT: THE TABLES TURNED ON A PICADOR.

4. IMITATING A STATUE TO DECEIVE A BULL: DON TANCREDO LOPEZ, A HERO OF THE SPANISH BULL-RING, WHO HAS NEVER KILLED AN ANIMAL OR BEEN WOUNDED BY ONE, FACING A BULL.
5. THE END OF A BULL-FIGHT: THE MATADOR, JOAQUIN NAVARRO QUINTO, IN THE ARENA RECEIVING THE ACCLAMATIONS OF THE SPECTATORS AFTER GIVING THE BULL THE COUP DE GRACE.

The chief personages of a bull-fight are the matadors, whose task it is to dispatch the bulls; then come the banderilleros, whose aim it is to infuriate the bulls by sticking banderillas, or darts, into their shoulders; next are the picadors, armed with lances; and finally, the monos sabios, the attendants who lead spare horses. Photograph No. 4 illustrates a very remarkable feature of certain bull-fights in Spain. Don Tancredo Lopez, who has never slain a bull, and never received a wound, is one of the great heroes of his country. Wearing white, and with face, neck, and hands covered with white powder, he stands on a pedestal in the arena, and awaits the coming of the bull, which rushes towards him, and, finding him immovable and apparently a statue, stops dead within a few feet; then paces round him; and at last turns away. It is then manoeuvred back to its stable, and Don Tancredo makes his bow. It need scarcely be said that, did the hero of the occasion move a muscle, the bull would attack at once.

Photographs by Charles Trampus.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



WIFE OF THE FIFTH VISCOUNT:
LADY HOOD.

When she married Viscount Hood last year, Lady Hood was known as Miss Jane Primrose Stapleton-Cotton, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Richard Southwell George Stapleton-Cotton. Lord Hood, who was born in November 1868, and succeeded in 1907, was formerly Major in the Grenadier Guards, and served in Ashanti in 1895 and 1896, and in South Africa, 1899-1902.

From the Drawing by Percival Anderson.

out, in a room next to that Lady Victoria and her brothers.

*Gracious is that
Gracious Does.*

Welbeck is familiar with much royalty, and accustomed to incognitos. But not everybody has recognised, in "Count and Countess Tienitz," the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and his wife, who have been staying in the Abbey so strangely undermined to suit the whim of the bygone burrowing Duke. The present host and hostess of Welbeck, though they have brought their subterranean chambers up to date, and have entertained their latest guests in them, are for sun, air, the open

COMPENSATIVE justice has seen to it that the Duke who owns some of the dullest and ugliest landscape in the kingdom married one of the most beautiful and radiant of women. The Duchess of Portland is rather less often in London than her friends approve, but this month sees her giving a town party for her daughter, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, who is as fond of the open road and the footpath way as of street and square, and is not banded with the daughters who demand that every day of the London season should be a day spent in London. The fields have their season, too, and the woods their "at homes"; and Welbeck is always amiable, although

twelve years ago it did endanger the lives of all its younger generation, when a fire broke occupied by



VERY WELL KNOWN IN SOCIETY: THE
DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

The Duchess, whose marriage took place in 1882, was Miss Marion Margaret Violet Lindsay, and is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay. Her three daughters have often been called, with very good reason, the beautiful Manners sisters—Lady Marjorie, Lady Violet Charteris, and Lady Diana.

From the Drawing by Percival Anderson.

country and all the things abominated by their predecessor. The Duke is one of the few men in the world who have succeeded in making a colliery village, "that grimmest and gloomiest place of human abode," into something almost charming. Nor has he soiled his own happy carelessness towards life in so doing. If his royal guest was more interested in one thing than another at Welbeck, it was the reformer who is also, in its literal meaning, "his Grace."

Secretary-Chauffeur. The son of a Peer who drives, or drove, a taxi-cab is a free-lance among amateur chauffeurs. Just because he has so many masters during the day, he can feel as if he has none. But he sets an example, and opens up a trade for his brothers in misfortune. A seat behind the wheel is better than a seat before a ledger. So thinks a

young man who advertises in the *Athenæum*. "Secretary-Chauffeur: Gentleman desires position. Experienced private secretary. Willing to travel." He makes no mention of his experience of motors, perhaps because that can be put to the proof in half-an-hour, round any corner.

Heads and a Tale. If Miss Malecka—pronounced "Maletska"—were really to go to Siberia, it would not necessarily mean the last of her. At a London party the other night two men of the two hundred present had returned from the dread journey. They had escaped, not, as they explained, because of any particular daring or powers of endurance, but

because of money. Money had been cunningly conveyed to them, and

with money even the Siberian exile may take a journey. The story of these particular escapes was told with smiles, as if it had no terrors. But another story, told by another refugee in London, makes amends on this score. He and a friend were confined in a fortress prison in Siberia: "I have orders to hang the pair of you," said the Governor one day; "but I've no hangman. If one will hang the other, he may go free." Our London friend did not need to explain who was the first to volunteer!

*The Frost of
Rhyme.*

Does nobody now read poetry? Justice Darling, an undoubtedly witty Judge, said the other day that he always knew the

readers of a magazine avoided its verse, but the Churchill suit against Blackwood

taught him that even Editors did not read it. There spoke the Minor Bard who has done some excellent verse-making himself, which has not yet found an audience worthy of its appeal. As a matter of fact, however, poetry has not passed into the Queer Street where it is the fashion to place it. Never were so many poets in the press; Mr. Masfield's successes have proved that multitudes not only read poetry in a magazine, but buy the magazine entirely to do so; and there is hardly a well-bred family in the country that has not at least one member devoted to a study of the muses. Browning was never so widely read as now; and Shelley's belief that not more than six people would read his "Adonais" reads to-day as no more than a jest that is not convenient!



WIFE OF LORD SHREWSBURY'S HEIR:
VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE.

Viscountess Ingestre, wife of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot's only son, was Lady Winifred Constance Hester Paget, and is the daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget. Her wedding took place in 1904, and she has two daughters. Her husband, who is a Lieutenant in the Reserve of Officers, was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards. He was decorated with the M.V.O. (5th class) in 1907.

From the Drawing by Percival Anderson.

Does nobody now read poetry? Justice Darling, an undoubtedly witty Judge, said the other day that he always knew the



THE SECOND HOLDER OF THE
TITLE: THE EARL OF ANCASTER.

Gilbert Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, second Earl of Ancaster, twenty-fifth Baron Willoughby de Eresby, third Baron Aveland, and a Baronet, was born in 1867 and succeeded in 1910. He is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain. From January, 1894 until December 1910, he sat as M.P. for the Horncastle Division. In 1905 he married Miss Eloise Breeze, daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breeze, of New York.

From the Drawing by Percival Anderson.



THE EIGHTH HOLDER OF THE
TITLE: THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

His Grace was born in 1852 and succeeded in 1906. He was Principal Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury from June 1885 to January 1886, and August 1886 to March 1888. From 1888 until 1895 he sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for the Melton Division of Leicestershire. In 1896 he was called to the House of Lords in his father's Barony of Manners of Haddon.

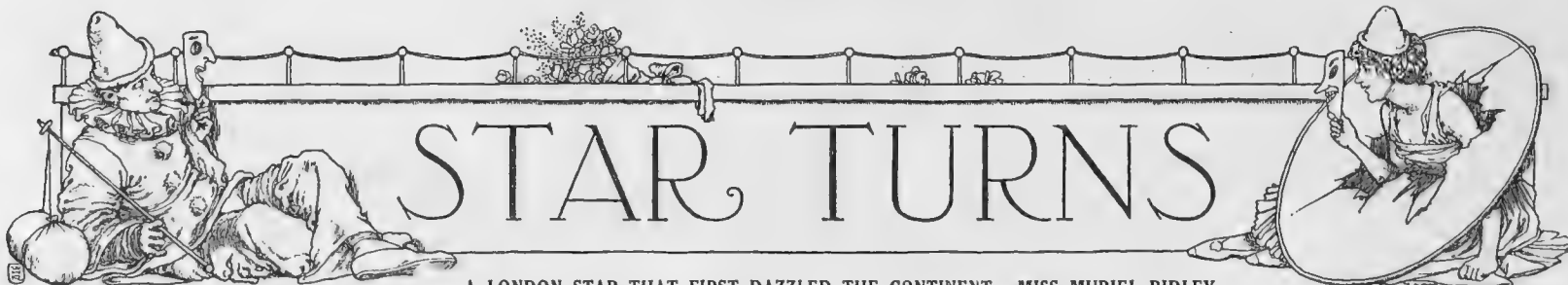
From the Drawing by Percival Anderson.

SUBJECT OF QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE: A PRISONER.



SENTENCED TO FOUR YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE, AND, IT IS SAID, TO EXILE FOR LIFE:
MISS KATE MALECKA, WITH HER COUNSEL, M. LÉON PAPIESKI.

Considerable astonishment was expressed in this country when it was known that Miss Kate Malecka, accused of conspiring against the Russian Government by associating with Polish revolutionaries, had been sentenced, in Warsaw, to four years' penal servitude, and still more comments were made when it was said, a little later, on the authority of her counsel, that that sentence meant also exile for life to Siberia, with the loss of all civil rights and the obligation to live where ordered by the police after the expiration of the sentence. Questions as to the matter have been raised in Parliament. As we have pointed out before, Miss Malecka's father, a Russian Pole, was naturalised in this country, but did not obtain the Russian Government's consent to this step, and so remained in their eyes a Russian subject. Her mother was an Englishwoman whose maiden name was Mary Anne Boys Sankey. It is claimed by Miss Malecka, and for her, that she is a British subject.—[After a Photograph by S. and G.]



A LONDON STAR THAT FIRST DAZZLED THE CONTINENT: MISS MURIEL RIDLEY.

MISS MURIEL RIDLEY'S engagement in "The Pool," at the Alhambra, is her beginning in a big way in London, although she has a recognised position on the Continent. She is thus another example of the oft-quoted charge that before an English artist can succeed at home she must have the imprimatur of foreign appreciation. It is an injustice she has not only felt and from which she has suffered, but has tried to fight, for some months ago she wrote a letter to one of the daily morning papers, in which she drew attention to the fact, exemplifying it by her own case and that of others which had come within her knowledge.

When she and her sister, Miss Nancy Ridley, with whom she began her dancing career, wanted engagements, the agents not only told them that it was difficult to get them work as English artists, but also that the difficulty would be considerably removed if they would take foreign names. To their credit, they refused, and continued the struggle until they were lucky enough to get a private audition from Mr. Oswald Stoll, then the Managing Director of Moss Empires, Limited. He was so pleased with their old-world dances that he engaged them for two weeks at the Hippodrome. There they "made good," and were at once booked for Berlin. They went from one city to another, and the single month's engagement for which they had originally contracted extended itself to two years.

Miss Muriel Ridley's appearance alone at the Alhambra, unaccompanied by her sister and dancing partner, is the result of a romance which sprang out of a decidedly unpleasant experience. One of their contracts took them to Munich to dance at a cabaret. They had engaged to appear at the ordinary evening performance. When they arrived, the manager informed them that they would

also have to dance at the night performance, which began at two in the morning. "Oh, dear, no," said the young English girls; "our contracts are only for the evening, not for the after-midnight shows."

The manager insisted, but they refused to give way. He thereupon cancelled their contract, and they were therefore left stranded. To their delighted surprise and amazement, rescue from their dilemma came from—a waiter at the cabaret, who lent them all the money they needed. Next morning they started to go to the British Consul to get him to interest himself on their

Ridley, for she and the young American official, fell in love with each other and they are now married.

After her sister's happy secession from the stage, Miss Muriel Ridley arranged a solo dance for herself, with the intention of appearing in Paris. Instead, at the last moment, she came to London as the result of an offer to understudy the Nun in "The Miracle"—a part she played with signal success for seven weeks. It is worthy of note that she did not have a single rehearsal with the orchestra before her first appearance. Happily for her, she is so fine a musician and has so retentive a memory that she has only to hear a piece of music once and see the dance which goes with it to be able to do it.

Mimo-dramatic art has fascinated Miss Ridley ever since she was a child. Though she always wanted to go on the stage, it was not by the voice but by gesture that she wished to express herself. In other words, she wanted to be a dancer and mime, not an actress. When she informed her family what she wished to do they were horrified, as so many families are even to-day, when the stage is accepted as one of the fine arts. Her family's objection, however, did not deter her from working to fit herself for what she desired to do.

She left her home in the country and came to London, where, with her sister Nancy, she started to get her programme together. She was already an accomplished dancer, having been taught by one of the most famous Italian masters, who, but for his untimely death, would doubtless have been able to make things easier for them at the beginning. As it was, Miss Muriel Ridley taught her sister, who was an artist by profession, how to dance. Together they searched the books dealing with that art, and studied the old-world dances which fascinated them. In this way they made some interesting finds. When, for instance, they determined to do a pavanne, which became one of their most successful turns, they discovered some music composed for it by Henry VIII. when he was eighteen. The pavanne they danced as two girls, for it was generally danced only by women. In most of their other dances, however, Miss Muriel Ridley appeared as a boy, while Miss Nancy Ridley was the girl.

One of their greatest effects was produced by a Torch Dance of the Viking period—about the twelfth century. When they reached Berlin, they were gravely informed that the police would not permit lighted torches to be used in the theatre. Rather than give the dance with dead torches, they cut it out of their programme. In Munich the regulations were less strict. The blazing torches were allowed, but a fireman was always stationed in the wings with the hose in his hands, ready to go on the stage at a moment's notice. One night, as Miss Ridley waved her torch, a spark fell on her flimsy dress and it flared up. There was a gasp among the audience as they thought that the next minute she would be alight. With complete presence of mind, however, she beat the little flame out with her hand. Quick as she was, she was not quick enough to prevent the fireman noticing what had happened. On to the stage he rushed, hose in hand, and it was only Miss Ridley's reassuring word that the fire was out which prevented him from deluging her with water there and then in the sight of the audience, which was as amused at the incongruity of his appearance as it was relieved at his preparedness for an emergency.



AS RAPAELE IN "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA": SIGNOR G. MARIO SAMMARCO.

Considerable interest was aroused when it became known that Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's new opera, "I Gioielli della Madonna" ("The Jewels of the Madonna") was to be given at Covent Garden this season. It was put down for production to-day (the 29th).

Photograph by Matzene.



FAMOUS DANCER AS FAMOUS DANCER: Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE AS "LA CAMARGO," INVENTOR OF THE SHORT BALLET-SKIRT.

As we remarked in our issue of last week, Mlle. Genée is appearing at the London Coliseum as "La Camargo," the famous dancer who was so great a favourite at the Court of Louis XV. She it was who first wore a short skirt for dancing—[Photograph by C.N.]

behalf. Instead, they entered the American Consulate. They explained their case to one of the officials, who was exceedingly kind and promised to do everything in his power to get them their rights and recommended a solicitor to fight the case for them. That chance meeting determined the fate of Miss Nancy

From the Wilds—of the Imagination.

FOR SALE



DANCES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN: III.—THE PANIER PRANCE.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

BACK IN TOWN: A CRITICISM OF MR. CHESTERTON ON DIVORCE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

HOW do you do, London dear? So glad to see you again! At 7.5 last evening I stepped on to Victoria Station, breathed with delight the thick, sooty air, and, between two shrill whistles, shouted—"Why, London has not changed a bit!" Which seemed quite wonderful to me, seeing that I had been away for over two months. The same station, gaunt and inexorable; the same porters, flat-footed and round-backed; the same women, with the same babies, sitting forlornly on the same benches; the same summer girls, smiling the same sweet and sound smiles from the same magazines. It was all entrancingly lugubrious, dear, dull London! I had on the



ABOUT TO BE PRESENTED: BARONESS BEAUMONT.

spot two cups of the same English tea I had not tasted for so many weeks, and bought the least toothsome girl from among the magazines, intending to have a thorough mental rest before dinner. But, oh, the deceptiveness of demure girls! Behold, behind that slip of a flapper Mr. Chesterton was hiding himself!—Mr. Chesterton on the execrableness of divorce. It gave me furiously to think. Here was I reinstalling myself in the conjugal domicile, of my own free will, after some romantic roaming in the land of Romeo—and here was Mr. Chesterton telling me that there was no need to be so peacocky about it, as "the pathos of marriage reposes upon the very simple fact that, if anyone deliberately provokes either passions or affections, he is responsible for them as long as they go on, as the man is responsible for letting loose a flood or setting fire to a city." If I read this right it means that one belongs for ever to anybody who loves one as long as that love lasts. This will cause the hair of every true (by true, I mean real) woman to rise on end. It is not absolutely part and parcel of human nature to let loose floods or to set cities on fire, while the instinct to "provoke passions and affections" is the root and reason of the race. No wonder one London season can exhaust the strongest woman, if she carries on her shoulders the responsibilities of all the passions and affections she has suscitated from May to August! But does she? Of course not. A true woman will pick up her skirts more daintily for the benefit of the crossing-sweeper; she will laugh more musically for the benefit of the blind beggar; whether by so doing she disturbs their dreams does not trouble her conscience; it is all part of her day's work, and a woman's—any woman's—work is seduction.

A French playwright once said that "fidelity was a monstrosity." Mr. Chesterton says that it is natural. It is really neither—merely an affair of temperament.

Mr. Chesterton is afraid that the divorcing classes are going to force the people into imitating them. He says that the democracy does not approve of divorce. It would be more just to say that it has not yet had a chance of judging it. When a very poor ménage feels the yoke of conjugality too crushing for their weak backs, they find an equivalent for a divorce. The husband generally goes away, and leaves his wife to feed the children, if she can. Sometimes he cuts her throat after a drunken quarrel, or kicks her to death with his big, hob-nailed boots. Sometimes, also, it is the wife who leaves her man for some other man who, maybe, will strike her less hard. But this is more rare, for the wives of the slum are very good judges of men. They know that men—*au naturel*—are sadly much of a muchness, and that Bill may hit less than Will, but may drink more. Of course, divorce is a detestable and expensive affair, almost as much so as a wedding, but the extraction of a tooth is just as unpleasant as the tooth-ache. On the whole, I think the slum wife would rather be divorced than done to death, just as it is preferable to go to the dentist and pay his fee rather than be tormented by the dolorous presence of a bad molar. Where Mr. Chesterton is right is where he says that "in such societies [the poor] it is as abominable to punish or divorce people for a blow as it would be to divorce a gentleman for slamming the door." But he forgets that no woman has yet asked for a divorce because her husband beats her. If she loves him she will enjoy being beaten; if she does not love him, the mere creak of his steps on the stairs can send her into hysterics. That is why no one



THE HOME OF BARONESS BEAUMONT: CARLTON TOWERS, CARLTON, YORKSHIRE.

The tenth Baron Beaumont, who was born in 1850, and in 1893 married Miss Ethel Mary Tempest, daughter of Sir Charles Henry Tempest, Bt., died in 1895. The title then remained in abeyance between his two daughters until 1896, when it was determined in favour of the elder daughter, Mona Josephine Tempest, the present peeress. Baroness Beaumont was born on Aug. 1, 1894, and was the youngest peeress at the Coronation of King Edward VII. She is of a very old Roman Catholic family. The Barony dates from 1309. Miss Ivy Stapleton was born on Oct. 4, 1895.

Photographs by Lafayette, Manchester.

can judge whether the reasons for claiming a divorce are good reasons and why the claim alone should suffice. It is not divorce that is wrong, but marriage. Marriage is a contract engaging not only the man or woman one is, but the man or woman one will be, to a man or woman of whom one knows very little now, and nothing in the future—a being who may become mad or cruel or diseased, and who may come to hold one in hatred and contempt. One does not give reasons for wishing to marry—decency forbids! Well, it seems to me decency should forbid still more strictly giving any reasons for divorcing. Simply leave and let leave.



SISTER OF BARONESS BEAUMONT: THE HON. IVY MARY STAPLETON.

BEE-UTIFUL, BEE-UTIFUL FAITH!

FOR SALE



MA'AM: Well, James, I'm going to start bee-keeping.

JAMES: Bees is nasty troublesome things, Ma'am.

MA'AM: Oh, but I shall start in a very small way—just a pair to begin with.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



HANDS AND THE MAN: A SOCIETY PALMIST'S MEMOIRS.*

Dates of Fate for King Edward VII.

"Cheiro" has done well to publish his Memoirs, and better in promising to give more to the world. He deals in the present volume with the hands of many celebrities—with the lines thereon, and his deductions from them. And, be it noted, his readings must be given credence, for he assures us that in the majority of instances his clients have been unknown to him until after he has finished his

examination and told his conclusions. "I must here explain," he writes, "that in all cases when I knew who my subject was I considered myself at a great disadvantage; and for this reason I had made a rule with my secretary at my rooms that, should he know the name of my intended visitor, he was on no account to tell me." Thus it was with King Edward VII., for example. Cheiro was invited to call at the



THE SOCIETY PALMIST WHO HAS WRITTEN HIS MEMOIRS: "CHEIRO."

Photograph by Esme Collings.

Mayfair house of a distinguished lady, who met him on his arrival, saying: "'Now, I want you to do me a great favour. I want you to sit behind these curtains that I have fixed up, and read as clearly as you can the hands of a man who is coming here expressly for this purpose.' . . . 'Certainly,' I said; 'I will do the best I can.' I went behind the curtains . . . and then waited for my subject to appear. In a few moments she returned, accompanied by a gentleman; and, having fixed his hands through the curtains, she left us together. . . . My 'subject' seemed to enjoy the experience immensely. . . . I had got to the point of telling how and why the most important days every week for him would be Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; and that his important numbers were sixes and nines; and that the months which represented these numbers being March 21 to April 21, April 21 to May 27, and October 21 to November 27, would contain the most important events concerning him personally, . . . Just then he leaned on the curtain a little too much, and as ladies are not famous for fastening things securely, the pins came out—the curtains dropped at our feet—and I found myself sitting face to face with the then Prince of Wales . . . he said, 'You have no need to be nervous. . . . Go on with this curious idea of numbers.' . . . We quietly worked it out, and he himself pointed out the number 69, and said, 'As this is the only date when these two curious numbers which you say are the keynotes of my life come together, I suppose, then, that must be the end.' . . . By this system of numbers the month of April, in which he caught his last illness, has from time immemorial been represented by the number 9. The month of May, in which he died, is represented by a 6. . . . He passed away on a 6th of May." That is, on a Friday; and he was in his sixty-ninth year when he died.

Oscar Wilde; and Charles Stewart Parnell.

Examining the hands of Oscar Wilde ("rather fat hands . . . passed through the holes in the curtain"), and struck by the difference in the markings of the left and right, "Cheiro" said, "'The left hand is the hand of a king, but the right that of a king who will send himself into exile.' The owner of the hands did not

laugh. 'At what date?' he asked, rather quietly. 'A few years from now,' I answered; 'between your forty-first and forty-second year.' Of course, everyone laughed." Charles Stewart Parnell asked "Cheiro," "'What does that line show by fading out—what does it mean?' . . . 'Oh,' I said, 'the stopping of that line simply means rest for you; another Napoleon sent to St. Helena, I suppose.' 'But why?' he said rather excitedly. 'What shall be my Waterloo?' 'A woman, without doubt,' I replied. 'You see yourself how the Line of Heart breaks the Line of Destiny just below that point where it fades out.' Taking his hand away, the stranger laughed, a low, quiet laugh—the laugh of a man who was sure of himself."

A Shah; a Humourist; and a Lord Chief Justice.

In the case of the late Shah of Persia, "Cheiro" predicted the date of his attempted assassination, and thus caused his Grand Vizier to ask for a stronger guard of police, which, as may be remembered, saved the Shah's life." Mark Twain he also aided, in different fashion. "As he was going, he said, 'The one humorous point in the situation is that I came here expecting to lose money by my foolishness, but I have gained a plot for a story on which I shall certainly get back my money.' A few years later he published 'Pudden-Head Wilson,' dealing with thumb-marks, which had an enormous success." Lord Russell of Killowen, late Lord Chief Justice of England, he told that "in a certain year—and, further, in a given month in that year, he would reach the summit of whatever his profession was. . . . When I asked him to give me an impression of his hand for my collection, he turned and said, 'You shall have it on one of the days you have mentioned, provided your predictions should become verified.' . . . Some three years passed . . . when . . . a messenger called, and . . . informed me that my presence was required at twelve o'clock that day at the High Courts of Justice. . . . In a very nervous state of mind I went with the man . . . I had imagined myself tried and executed in a hundred different ways; when suddenly a side-door opened, and the Lord Chief Justice appeared before me in all the majesty of his robes of office. I admit I did not recognise my client of some years before, but, without waiting a moment, rolling up his ermine sleeves, he said: 'I am willing to keep my promise; you can have impressions of my hands now.' . . . He wrote 'Russell of Killowen,' with the date, and simply said: 'I have kept my promise; this is the first day I have put on these robes as Lord Chief Justice of England. Your date was exact, though how you did it I cannot imagine.'" For numerous instances of as startling a nature, and for many another point of exceptional interest, read "Cheiro's Memoirs." Their lure is exceedingly powerful.



A SEEKER OF VOTES FOR WOMEN: MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL (OF THE UNITED STATES).

The Mrs. Winston Churchill whose portrait we give is the wife of the famous American novelist who bears the same name as the British First Lord of the Admiralty—who, at times which vary in duration according to political beliefs, is apt to be regarded as the One and Only, despite the very distinguished career of the other "Winston." Mrs. Winston Churchill, of the United States, is an ardent Suffragist, as witness this photograph taken at a recent "Votes for Women" demonstration on the other side—to be exact, in New York.—[Photograph by C.N.]

* "Cheiro's Memoirs: the Reminiscences of a Society Palmist; including Interviews with the Greatest Celebrities of the Day." (William Rider and Son; 7s. 6d. net.)

THE NOES HAVE IT.

FOR SALE

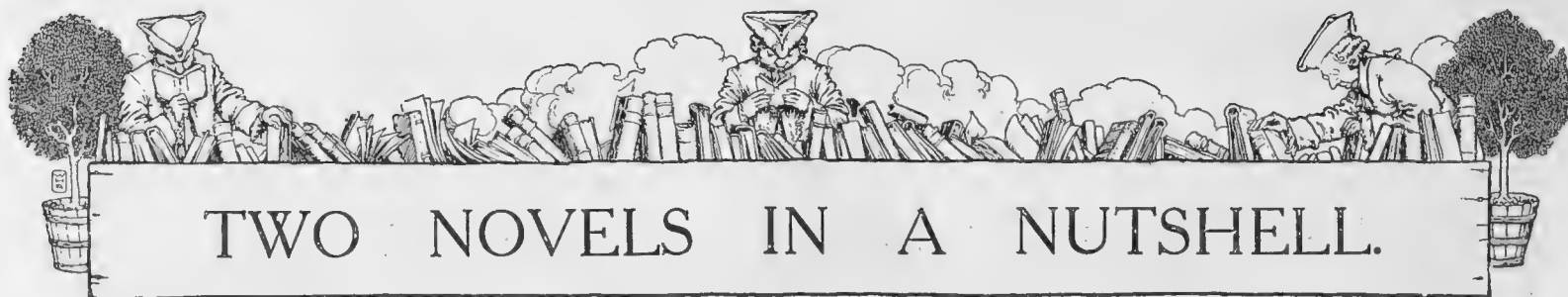


64141. *France*

THE HOST: You'd 'ardly believe it, but I've no sense of smell.

THE GUEST: Really! Now, I should have thought you'd have been all right there!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



TWO NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

LADY JIMMY'S PARTNER.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"YOU have made your bed," said her father sternly, "and now you must—What I mean is, as you've chosen to marry beneath me, you must take the consequences."

"Beneath you!" cried Lady Jimmy, in amazement; "why, my husband's family came over with the Normans."

"I'm not blaming him for that—we can none of us help our ancestors. It's not his descent I'm objecting to, it's his lack of ascent. As soon as I heard you'd married him, I took the trouble to inquire into his private history."

"I'm sure you didn't find out much," said Lady Jimmy defiantly.

"That's just it, I didn't. I've eaten oysters with more energy in them than he appears to have. He's never done any work in his life, either honest or dishonest, and the only exercise he appears to take is when he runs into debt. Look at me: I started in life as an errand-boy, and by the time I was his age I'd laid the foundations of this business."

"That's what Jimmy says—he says he never had a start in life like you."

"There's something in that. I'm quite willing to make allowances for the disadvantages of a University education; but if his brain was in the right place he'd have got on despite that. Why, I know lots of men who've been to the Universities, and yet make an honest living."

"Then you won't help us?"

"I will not. As I've said before, you've made your—"

"I know, that's the second time you've said it—I wish you wouldn't. Then I suppose we've got to starve."

"I thought your husband had a private income of five hundred a year?"

"What's that?—it's not enough to keep him in cigarettes."

"Then I should advise a cheaper brand."

Lady Jimmy rose indignantly to her feet.

"Poor Jimmy may be hard up," she cried, "but you needn't insult him like that, father. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said her father. "Oh, by-the-way, I suppose it's hardly necessary for me to tell you that you will always be my daughter. When you've tired of him you'll find your rooms always ready for you. And then, for the honour of the family, I might be willing to get him a position as doorkeeper somewhere—we've never yet had a member of the unemployed in our family. As you go through the outer office, tell Nicholson I want him. Thank you. Good-bye."

As evidencing the great state of excitement Lord Jimmy was in, when his wife entered the room, he unhitched his legs from over the arm of his chair and sat nearly upright.

"Well?" he said, so excitedly that his voice sounded quite animated.

"No good," said Lady Jimmy, unpinning her hat; "I said it wouldn't be. He told me he'd have preferred me to marry one of his office-boys."

"Hang it," said his Lordship plaintively, "he might have made it a junior clerk."

"He said," continued his wife, "that he's been looking up your career, and the only proof of ability worthy of respect you'd ever displayed was the way in which without assets you contrived to keep adding to your liabilities."

"What's he mean—'assets,' 'liabilities'?" That's what my old gov'nor was always gassing about—I jolly nearly asked him one day what he meant."

"It's a business term," explained Lady Jimmy; "you wouldn't understand if I told you."

Seating herself on the edge of the table, she clasped both hands round one knee and regarded her husband reflectively.

"I almost wish sometimes, Jimmy," she declared slowly, "that you were clever."

"Daresay I could be if it came to the worst. I don't mean I could ever become a fuzzy-haired genius, but just averagely intelligent. B'Jove, come to think of it, how d'you know I'm not? What I mean is, I've never *tried*."

Lady Jimmy shook her head regretfully.

"Fraid not, Jimmy. Cleverness is like piano-playing; takes lots of practice to be any good at."

"But look here," urged her husband, caught in a brain-storm, "they have those pianola things for people who can't play, don't they? Well then, don't they have something to make fellows clever? Those brain foods you nibble out of a saucer. Look here, you ask Cook to get me a packet of Grape Pips, or whatever they are, and see how it takes me. What I mean is, I must *have* a brain; all it wants is to be brought out. Tell her to get a large packet."

"I don't know that I should like you to be too clever, Jimmy," said his wife dubiously.

"All right, then," he said accommodatingly, "I'll have a small packet to start with. If we find I'm overdoing it, I can always knock it off."

For a while Lady Jimmy sat lost in thought.

"Look here, Jimmy," she said at last, "I've got an idea."

"There, you see," said his Lordship triumphantly; "we're bucking up no end, even before we've had the first feed. What is it?"

"Well, I've been thinking: Father thinks I've married a perfect idiot; now, if we could only think of some way in which you could prove to him I haven't, think what a delightful surprise it would be for him."

"Be a surprise for us all," affirmed Jimmy cheerfully. "The idea's all right, but it wants driving home. It's all very well to say, prove that I'm clever, but where's the evidence coming from? Why, I should be brought in Not Guilty without the jury leaving the box."

Lady Jimmy wagged her foot impatiently.

"Wait till you hear what I've got to say. Father's promising to get you a job as a doorkeeper gave me the idea."

"I'm not big enough for a doorkeeper," said his Lordship, more modest than ever; "you want big, hefty chaps for jobs of that sort . . . with a chest-protector of medals. The only medal I've got is one I had as a boy for a pair of guinea-pigs at a poultry-show. Mine was the only entry."

"Don't be silly. When I called to see Father at the office to-day, I asked after Smithson (Dad's private secretary, you know), and Nicholson—that's Dad's right-hand man—told me he'd just been sacked for incompetency. Now—listen, Jimmy, this is important—why shouldn't you apply for the job?"

"Hey?" said his Lordship, staring.

"Nicholson'd do anything for me, and he'd see you got the job; under another name, of course."

"B'Jove," said his Lordship, still staring; "but don't you have to be pretty smart for a private secretary?"

"Oh, no," said Lady Jimmy confidently; "I've often heard father talk about his; he was always grumbling. He said when a man had proved himself utterly incompetent in every other position in the office, they made him his secretary. I've heard him say he could make a better secretary than any he'd ever had out of a piece of blotting-paper and a paper-weight."

"B'Jove," said his Lordship again "that's about my class. I'm going to be a success, I can tell that."

"And then, you see," pursued his wife, "after you've been with Dad a week or so, and he's just beginning to rely on you, and feels he can't do without you, I'll come along and say you're my husband."

[Continued overleaf.]

Brown Studies: A Poet's Corner in Celebrities. FOR SALE

"Hey," murmured Lord James enthusiastically, "that'll be a great scene: he won't want to lose me then—I ought to get a partnership at least. A sleeping partnership—that'll be about my form. Just look in at the office every week or so and tell 'em where they did wrong."

"Aren't I a clever wife?" demanded Lady Jimmy, clapping her hands delightedly.

"Rather! B'Jove, no end. But, of course, mind you, you couldn't have done it if it hadn't been for me. Some of the credit's mine."

The following Monday saw Lord Jimmy, as the week-old nephew of Mr. Nicholson, the head clerk, installed as Mr. Meredith's private secretary.

At her husband's request, Lady Jimmy had gone on a visit to a friend during the period of his probation. A man, he declared, was best left to make his fight with fortune alone.

"I expect I shall have a fearfully frightful time of it studying," he declared; "why, shorthand alone will probably take hours to learn. I'll send you a postcard every day telling you how I get on."

On this assurance of a daily bulletin, Lady Jimmy consented to retire from the arena.

So accustomed had she been to her father's daily grumbling over the shortcomings of his secretaries that she had grown to think of them as simple-minded flotsam floating helplessly on the high seas of commerce; as to her husband's ability to fill the position she had not the slightest doubt.

The first postcard from Lord Jimmy confirmed her impression: it ran as follows—

"Dislike your Father personally, but so far haven't told him so, for your sake. He appears to have taken a fancy to me, however. Came in after lunch-time and found me smoking, with my feet on the desk. Smoking is forbidden, but instead of getting mad he asked me if I wouldn't like a spittoon."

Had Lord Jimmy not possessed a high reputation for veracity, she would have had difficulty in believing the second card; it presented her father in so genial and sympathetic a light—

"Got to the office an hour or so late this morning, and your father said if at any time I found the hours didn't suit me I was to let him know. He also asked me, while I was reading the paper, to give him any little bits of news I thought might interest him, as he hadn't time to read the paper himself."

The third day's card reported Mr. Meredith in a generous mood—

"Your father gave me a little present this morning—a pocket-dictionary. I keep it in my hip-pocket, and it doesn't show much. Can you suggest any little thing I could give him in return? He also said, if I thought of working the typewriter again he'd get a

resident mechanic in the office—I have a knack of finding out a machine's weak spots. It's a gift. Some of the clerks have worked the same machine for years and don't know now if it's got any defects."

The fourth day's ran—

"I left a bit early yesterday—in fact, I met a man I knew at lunch, and we did a matinée together. I asked your father if he'd missed me, and he said he had. Shows he's beginning to depend on me."

The fifth card was very brief—

"One of the chaps in the office tells me I shall probably get two weeks' money to-morrow. Have heard nothing official on the subject, but your father tells me if he'd had many secretaries like me he'd have retired from business years ago. Seems to me I've made good, and now's the time to break the news to him."

It seemed to Lady Jimmy also that now the iron was hot for smiting, and accordingly she journeyed up to town and went round to her father's office.

Inquiring in the clerk's office, she was informed that her father was engaged; Mr. James, his private secretary, was closeted with him.

"I'll go in," she declared briskly; "Father won't mind."

When she entered, the scene was as she had pictured it in her dreams.

Her father was seated at his desk, with the concentrated air of a man trying to find words to express all the feelings that were in his heart; Lord Jimmy was standing opposite him, in the awed, not to say flabbergasted, attitude of a good servant who, after years of faithful service, is learning for the first time what his employer really thinks of him.

"Just a minute," said her father, scarcely glancing at her, "I've just finished. Mr. James," he continued, turning once more to Lord Jimmy, "I don't think I can think of anything more to say to you. You'll find two weeks' salary in this envelope."

Proud and happy to find that her husband's services were so highly thought of that his salary had been doubled the very first week, Lady Jimmy stepped forward.

"Father," she cried, beaming upon them both, "he is my husband."

"My God!" said her father, dropping limply back in his chair.

With a great gulp he pulled himself together. "To think," he said huskily, "of my daughter marrying a man like that!"

Lady Jimmy squeezed her husband's hand delightedly.

"And now, father," she cried, "now you realise the sort of man he really is, I know you'll double his salary."

"On condition," said Mr. Meredith brokenly, "that he never enters this office again, I'll treble it."



PLAYING THE GAME.



By LOUISE HEILGERS.



THE man was going to get married. He had sown his wild oats, and now he meant to settle down. Well off, good-looking, a first-rate sportsman, a favourite with men and women alike, the Fates spinning busily had smiled upon him at birth and had woven only gold threads in the woof of his life.

For years he had lived the life of the smart young man about town. He had done the same things in the usual way, he had been neither very good nor bad; in his own words, the favourite words of British youth, he had always "tried to play the game."

It was because he felt it incumbent upon him to play the game that he decided to tell the woman he was going to marry of a certain newly closed episode in his life. The consideration that perhaps it would be as well for her to hear the tale from him first-hand, instead of embroidered with lies on a foundation of truth, as she might hear it from someone else, may have counted for something, too.

But the reason he gave himself as he knotted his tie carefully before the mirror on the fateful morning of confession was that he "must play the game."

"I hardly know how to tell you, dear," he began awkwardly, standing tall and perfectly groomed on the hearthrug that afternoon. "It's so difficult to speak to women—pure women, like you—about certain things, but the fact of the matter is, I've been an awful rotter, Evelyn, and I feel it's up to me to own it. You're not marrying a saint, you know."

The fair-haired woman in the big armchair looked up at him sweetly out of innocent blue eyes: "Dear, I do know," she said gently.

He moved uncomfortably. "But it's just what you don't know," he told her, "that I'm worrying about. I'm not thinking of cards and racing, and things like that. It's about women I want to speak to you. Especially one woman." He paused, and bit his lip nervously.

"Ah!" said the woman softly, looking down.

"She was a nice little thing," went on the man. "Not quite a

lady, you know, but very pretty and all that. . . . Her father drank. She ran away from home. Hadn't a friend in the world when I picked her up. Only the streets in front of her. A good woman like you, Evelyn, can't realise what the horror of that means. . . . I took a flat for her."

"Ah!" said the woman softly, looking down.

"I lived with her more or less for three years," went on the man, gathering courage from her passiveness. "She was very grateful for all I had done for her; she was really quite a nice little thing. But, of course, that's all over and done with now. I settled up finally with her to-day. I shall never see her again. There was no reason for you ever to know, Evelyn, only that I felt it wouldn't be quite playing the game not to tell you."

"What has become of the girl?" asked the woman, still softly and still looking away.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Still in the flat, I presume," he said carelessly. "The rent is paid up till December." His voice became persuasive. He bent down so that his face was very near the coils of fair hair wound smoothly round her head. "Don't let's talk about her any more," he urged. "It's all finished and done with. Now, don't frown, but just kiss me, and say you forgive me."

"You're a very naughty boy, Jack," said the woman reprovingly, but she let him wind her smooth white arms round his neck, as he knelt beside her on the floor. "Then if you promise never, never to do it again, I'll forgive you," she said prettily.

He caught her, flushed and smiling, to him fiercely. "My saint!" he breathed upon her mouth.

In a daintily furnished room of a little flat in Queen's Club Gardens, a woman lay dead upon the bed with an empty phial in her hand. There were traces of tears upon her white, cold cheeks; her closed eyelids were swollen. Her lover had failed her. There was nothing before her but the streets.

So she, too, had "played the game."

God will decide who played it best.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

"AN EXCEEDINGLY FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ENGLISH 'OUTDOOR GIRL'": THE LADY CHAMPION.

The New Lady Champion.

After writing about it on this page for a fortnight, it might appear that enough had been said about the ladies and their championship; but any man golfer who went to Turnberry and had eyes to see could write about it for a year, and though there is much else in golf that needs treatment at the present moment, I must have a last word for the time being about those lady golfers, if for no other reason than that I have as yet had no opportunity of getting in a word about the new champion, Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, and her golfing ways. She and Miss Cecil Leitch were the two great favourites for the chief honours at the beginning of the meeting, but Miss Ravenscroft did better in the international matches, and I am inclined to think that, by the time that the Thursday night had come, there was a slight balance of opinion that it would be Miss Ravenscroft who would go through. She has probably more strong individualities in her game than any of the other leading competitors. She was certainly not a bit the worse for them—most probably all the better; and she has a temperament that is splendid for the game. If I am not much mistaken, she was only twice down to an opponent in the whole week—once being when she lost the first hole to Miss Muriel Dodd in the fifth round, and the other when Miss Temple got one up on her at the third in the final. That was a great achievement in itself, and it reminds me of the fact that in last year's amateur championship at Prestwick, Mr. Gordon Lockhart, the Scottish international, was never a hole down to anybody until he played the Cardinal against Mr. Hilton in the semi-final.

Features of Her Style.

The new champion is most interesting in every way. She is, in the first place, an exceedingly fine specimen of what is often called the English "outdoor girl"—a type that no other country in the world can produce like we can. She is tall, strong, supple, modest, fair, and her sunny nature is exerting itself all the time. She tells you that she is twenty-four years old and that she has no wish to be regarded as a girl golfing prodigy of nineteen. For all that she has made wonderful progress in her golf, for she has only been at it seriously for five years. She tried the game soon after she left school, but turned it up for hockey, at which also she achieved great distinction, playing for her county, Cheshire. Then she went back to golf again only five years ago, and she shaped so well that influences were brought to bear on her to induce her to give up the hockey altogether, the belief of

her advisers, including the professional from whom she was then taking lessons, being that if she did she would make faster progress at golf than she was doing. So she gave up hockey, and then came on at golf with a rush. When she entered for her first championship three years ago, she had a handicap of ten, but by the time the event came to be played, only a few days later, that handicap had come down to three. One is inclined to say that the strongest part of her game is her wooden club play, but her short game is accurate enough, and her putting last week was wonderfully good. But she stabs her iron shots, and this method may let her down some time, while her putting is not always so good as it was at Turnberry, and at times causes her much discomfort. She was putting in a very peculiar way in the championship, having her right foot parallel to the line that she wished her ball to take, and the left one turned in towards it. It is a queer stance. She plays her tee shots with a brassey always, and what she can do with wood was well exemplified at the fifth hole in the final. The green in this case is 415 yards from the tee, and for the last thirty of those yards the ball has to run up a very steep incline to a plateau—such a steep hill that it makes you puff to walk up it. Well, she was on that green with two fine shots, and nobody need wish to do much better than that.



THE EX-LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION AS GOLFER MR. BALFOUR AT RYE—TALKING TO LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

Photograph by News Illustrations.



MAKER OF A NEW GOLF "RULE"! MR. BALFOUR TAKING A REST DURING THE PARLIAMENTARY HANDICAP AT RYE.

While he was taking part in the Parliamentary Handicap at Rye the other day, Mr. Balfour struck a ball so that it lodged between some wire netting and a fence marking a boundary. He had thus to face the problem as to whether the ball was out of bounds or in bounds—in the latter case, of course, it had to be played. Mr. Balfour, realising that if he were to attempt to play it he would certainly damage the netting, decided to make a new "rule." Lifting the ball from the netting, he set it down in a very difficult position and, using a putter left-handed fashion, sent it into the fairway.

Photograph by C.N.

becoming the regular habit with male golfers—and then made their swings and drove good balls. I am sure that they were all the better for this despatch.

HENRY LEACH.

Confidence in Putting. One strong feature of the play of most of the best lady golfers there was their confidence and lack of hesitation. When they had the most difficult putts at the most critical periods of their matches they did not waste any time in prolonged study of the line, as some leading amateurs do. They looked at it just enough, and then they hit the ball and holed it even from long distances just as often as the good men players do—perhaps oftener. Some of the male golfers that you see engaged in championship matches try your patience dreadfully with their long study of all the circumstances from every point of the compass, and their standing over the ball before making their strokes so long that they must almost become mesmerised by it. It was the same on the tee. The girls generally just made up their minds what kind of a stroke was needed, then they did one or two waggles—did them generally in a slow, gentle, and comfortable way, not that snappy, jerky one that is



SIGNS AND PORTENTS ON THE TURF: SUPERSTITION IN RACING.

SUPERSTITION plays a large part in the doings of people who go racing. Something seen on a hoarding or an item in a newspaper that happens to coincide with a horse's name will cause that horse to be backed—sometimes to the profit of the supporter and sometimes to his loss. One of the most famous instances of a "coincidence," or "superstitious," tip that enriched thousands of people occurred in the spring of 1899. The Tsar of Russia had issued his famous manifesto in favour of peace, and in the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National that year were horses named General Peace and Manifesto. Thousands of people took what they were pleased to call "the tip," and the success of those animals brought joy and money, for they had been backed singly and doubly.

A more recent instance of the same type occurs to the mind. About three months ago, one Saturday forenoon, the evening newspaper placards announced in big black type: "Violet Charlesworth Released." Lingfield Races were on, and in the first race was entered a mare named after the notorious young lady. I recollect, going down in the train that day, how the conversation ran on the coincidence, and hundreds of people backed Mr. C. Leveson-Gower's mare merely on superstitious grounds. They had the best of the settling, for Violet scored a very easy win.

All sorts of queer things cause men to "throw away a sovereign" (as the Turf phrase goes), a proceeding that occasionally brings a return of the coin with interest. On the day that Succory won the Newbury Spring Cup, the number of that horse stuck half-way round on the electric number-board, on noticing which a friend of mine, who goes racing occasionally, made up his mind to back the horse. He won the race running away, but never won afterwards! That was golden superstition.

Many people take the colour of the racecard as a tip, and will back horses carrying similar colours. Another set back No. 7 on the card in handicaps, and it is on record that this number is fortunate in that type of race. Still another set will back the winning number of the first horse in the next race, and continue backing the "previous winning number" through the card, with what success I cannot tell.

The late Mr. Sam Lewis, multi-millionaire, philanthropist, and moneylender, had a system from which he used to derive a deal of pleasure and profit. He used to back penalised horses in handicaps. He, however, had no copyright in that style of betting, for many people do, and have done, the same for years.

I suppose the "Amato Pump" tips attract thousands of people on their way to Epsom Downs, who would not go by way of the Durdans lane were it not for the tips. The proprietor of that famous inn chalks a tip on each slope of the roof of the pump on racing days, and his vaticinations are made a note of by all believers in signs and omens.

There is a signboard just below Basingstoke that, inanimate as it is, has been guilty of stirring many of the superstitious depths of motorists or other road travellers to a race-meeting. The sign reads: "To Wootton, one mile." This has caused many people to back F. Wootton in mile races at Hurst Park, Sandown, Kempton, Epsom, and other Southern tracks.

I have known people to back the first owner, trainer, or jockey they have met on the way to or on a racecourse, with varying fortune, and a jockey's name placed by mistake upside down in the frame will be seized on with avidity! On the other hand, so steeped in superstition are some people that they declined to back White Star for the Two Thousand Guineas, solely on account of the terrible disaster to a White Star liner a few days previously!

Dreams, as may be imagined, play a great part on the Turf, sometimes with startling sequels. One such came to my notice after the One Thousand Guineas. A friend of mine on the Press dreamed, a couple of years ago, that Dawson Waugh had a grey horse in his stable. The dream was a very vivid one, and, queerly enough, at that time the dreamer believed that D. Waugh had no horse of that colour in his stables. In telling his dream, the Pressman was startled when he was informed by that popular trainer that a grey horse had been sent to him. The fact that he dreamed Waugh had a grey horse while believing it was not so, and the subsequent discovery that Waugh did have one of that colour, made such an impression on the Pressman that he confidently prophesied that the grey would win the Oaks. Well, that grey is Tagalie, and she has already won the One Thousand Guineas!

Away back in 1884 an old friend of mine dreamed that No. 9 had won the St. Leger. Thrice he dreamed it, and was so persuaded that he was on the high-road to fortune that he took train to Doncaster to back his dream-horse. In this case Morpheus' vision brought no pecuniary reward, for No. 9 finished last, and the race was won by The Lambkin.

A day or two before the Cambridgeshire of 1888 Lord Randolph Churchill dreamed that No. 22 on the card had won. He backed the horse so placed on the official pasteboard, and that horse, Veracity, won, so that we may take it that Lord Randolph would from that time on be a believer in visions.

An amazing "coincidence" tip came off in the early spring of 1904. Tottenham Hotspur and Sheffield Wednesday played a drawn game in their Football Cup tie on a Saturday, and replayed it on the following

Wednesday, on which day the Sheffield team won. About the time that the replayed match began a horse called Sheffield Wednesday won a race at Leicester. He was ridden by a jockey named F. Lyall, which was also the name of the Sheffield Wednesday goalkeeper.

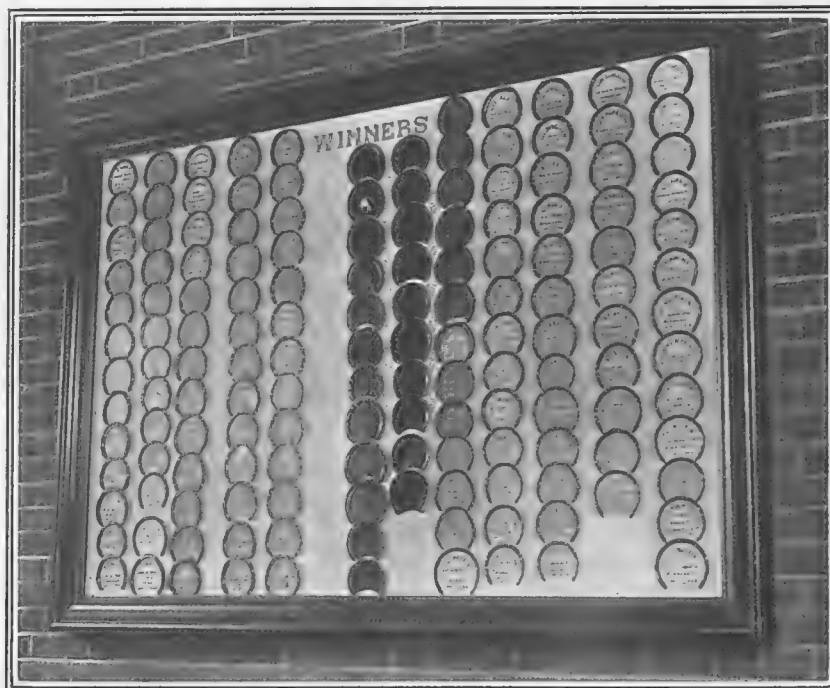
CAPTAIN COE.



A SUPERSTITION AMONGST RACING MEN: SALUTING THE DITCH, AT NEWMARKET, FOR LUCK.

Every racing man who is aware of the custom—and there are few who are not—salutes the Ditch, a well-known landmark, when going to Newmarket for the first time in any season. This is done for luck.

Photograph by Sherborn.



RECORDS OF FAMOUS WINNERS: A FRAME OF RACING PLATES AT THE KING'S TRAINER'S.

This frame of racing plates is one of the treasures of Egerton House, Newmarket, where Mr. Richard Marsh prepares the King's horses for their races, as he did those of King Edward before him. The plates in the centre are from winners belonging to King Edward.

Photograph by Muggeridge.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

TWIN TYRES—THE A.A. SALUTE—THE R.A.C. GALA—THE "AVIETTES."

Rubber and Fabric Not Steel.

I have no doubt that many of my readers are owners of heavy cars, and that, wealthy men though they be, they take pause occasionally at the amount of their tyre-bills. It should always be remembered that pneumatic tyres are but human—I mean that, after all, though they be composed of the finest rubber that ever came from Para, or the most miraculous cotton which was ever grown in those Sea Islands the particular name of which is never made public, they still remain constructions of rubber and fabric, which are asked to sustain stresses of internal pressure which would have been regarded as sufficiently trying in the steam boilers of fifty years ago. To-day engine-power and chassis and body weights have all gone up together for the luxury car, so that a much greater demand is made on the tyres, which, by their very nature and use, cannot be increased in diameter or strength, where strength means thickness in proportion. It follows, then, that with heavy vehicles tyres must often be run far and above the limit of safety, particularly as heavy weights require high pressures.

Halve the Load and the Cost.

This being so, it is obvious that what may be too much altogether for one tyre, no matter how large the transverse diameter, can be safely sustained by two, and this is done most satisfactorily by the Michelin Twin Tyre, which undoubtedly affords a most practical and economical solution of the question. By means of two pneumatic tyres carried by the same wheel, a much larger sustaining transverse diameter is obtained, and, the load being divided by two, much lower pressures are needed in each tyre. As high pressures make for early destruction, and low pressures (within reason) for longevity, the twin tyre for heavy cars is bound to make for economy, and great economy in the end. And it should be noted by those who own heavy cars, running on single tyres, and are girding at the expense, that the cost of conversion from ordinary single tyres to Michelin twin tyres is very reasonable, being from £13 10s. to £15, according to the size of tyres used; while, as I have endeavoured to show, the advantages must far outweigh the expense, to say nothing of the added comfort.

Wonderful Growth.

What-ever may be alleged by certain captious critics who, in measuring other people's corn by their own pottles, are apt to suggest that the attraction to the A.A. membership is the salute, first, last, and all the time, it is certain that this body, whatever its attributes, is receiving a larger adhesion of members month by month. Casting back, it will be remembered that, when the Automobile Association and the Motor Union amalgamated at the end of 1910, they possessed a joint membership of 26,100. In the course of the following year, this total increased by nearly fifty per cent., for no fewer than

12,000 motorists joined, with a record for the month of August, with 1752. Now I am told that during the past month (April) that record was beaten by 939, the total being 2691. It is remarkable that the total membership of the A.A. and the M.U. now stands at well over 43,000, of which I understand just under 10,000 are motor-cyclists. Now, apart altogether from the advantages, varied and numerous as they are, accruing from membership, I believe the support accorded the A.A. may in a great measure be taken as a general protest against the unfairness of police methods in certain parts of the country.

The R.A.C. Gala Day.

As the Inter-Club Meeting and Gala Day of the Royal Automobile Club and its associated clubs is almost a national event, I need offer no excuse for referring to the date fixed and the particulars of the events to be decided. The rendezvous will be Brooklands, as last year, and the day, July 27. Inter-club racing is sought to be encouraged by the inclusion of a hill-climb, and a relay race for club teams is an item in the programme. In the hill-climb it is satisfactory to note that three of the four drivers in each team must be private competitors, and in the relay race the cars must be driven by private competitors only. This will give satisfaction to competitors who are club men, pure and simple, for it cannot be denied that the trade-driver element was a little too prominent in the picture last year. An All-Comers' Open Handicap will be included, while, weather permitting, the Brooklands management is certain to provide some flying.

Many Man-Motored Flying-Machines.

According to *L'Auto*, the entries for the man-power flying-machines, called "Aviettes," under the auspices of the Aero Club of France, and the surveillance of the journal quoted, closed on May 20 with 132 entries up to that date. The trial is down for Sunday, June 2, at the Velodrome du Parc des Princes, a sum of £400 being offered by the great firm of Peugeot to the competitor who best exceeds

the height and length of flight laid down as minima to be achieved. So far as I can follow these conditions, the competitors must be able to rise with their machines not less than a tenth of a metre from the ground, and the distance from the point of leaving the ground to regaining must not be less than ten metres (32.8 feet). That is something more like a jump than a flight, but it is, I presume, considered "enough for glory," and the successful competitor will assuredly think the £400 well earned. All the competitors appear to have kept the character of their apparatus a profound secret, for no details have leaked through to the French Press, nor can I learn that any of them have been observed in practice. Rumour is, of course, rife with wonderful flights, but by the 3rd of next month we shall know how much foundation they had in fact.

[Continued on a later page.]



KILLED WHILE MOTORING TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF KING FREDERICK VIII. OF DENMARK. PRINCE GEORGE WILLIAM, ELDER SON OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, GREAT-GRANDSON OF KING GEORGE III. OF ENGLAND, AND COUSIN OF KING GEORGE V. Prince George William of Cumberland, who was driving his own car to Hamburg, en route for Copenhagen, met with a motor accident near Friesack on Monday of last week, and was killed, as was Herr Greve, the Prince's valet. The chauffeur, who was travelling inside the car, had his left arm crushed. Prince George was the elder son of the Duke of Cumberland, who, it will be recalled, married Princess Thyra of Denmark in December 1878. He was born at Gmunden in October 1880.

Photograph by Jagersbacher.



THE "BULL-DOG" PLOUGHING ITS WAY THROUGH MISSOURI MUD; AN ABBOTT-DETROIT WITH AN INTERESTING RECORD.

It was on this car, dubbed the "Bull-dog"—which was driven by Mr. George D. Brown, of Detroit, and Dr. Charles G. Percival, of New York—that the "Daily Alaskan" trophy was won for a remarkable journey over Alaskan swamps and glaciers to the head-waters of the Yukon. —[Photograph by Atlantic News Service.]

that any of them have been observed in practice. Rumour is, of course, rife with wonderful flights, but by the 3rd of next month we shall know how much foundation they had in fact.

THE WHISPER GIRL; THE NO-GIRL TELEPHONE;
AND TWO NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT "SNAPS."



1. LORD GWYDYR'S DAUGHTER AS GOOD QUEEN BESS: QUEEN ELIZABETH (THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER HEATON), HER STANDARD-BEARER, AND PAGE, IN THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The Royal Naval and Military Tournament began last week. The Pageant Section of it is Elizabethan, with the Hon. Mrs. Henniker Heaton as Good Queen Bess. Mrs. Henniker Heaton—whose marriage to Mr. John Henniker Heaton, son of Sir J. Henniker Heaton, Bt., the famous postal reformer, took place in 1902—is the only child of Baron Gwydyr.

3. THE WHISPER GIRL: A TAKER OF CALLS (TELEPHONE) DURING PERFORMANCES AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

2. SHAKEN TO CREATE THE SOUND OF WIND DURING A STORM: A GREAT "DRUM" HALF-FILLED WITH STONES, AT THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

4. DOING WITHOUT THE "HULLO" GIRL: THE "GET YOUR NUMBER YOURSELF" AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE.

The Whisper Girl was inaugurated at the Globe Theatre last week, and is proving a great success. It is her duty to receive any telephone calls which may come for members of the audience during the performances, go quietly to the place of the person concerned, and whisper the message, and the number of the person calling, that a reply may be made.—The first automatic telephone exchange in this country is being tested at Epsom, and it is claimed that, with its use, it takes an average of 27 seconds to get a connection as against an average of 62 seconds by the old system. Suppose a subscriber wishes to call, say, 120. Having removed the receiver, he places the tip of a finger in the aperture in the disc above 1, and turns the disc from left to right until his finger touches a small trigger raised above the surface of the disc and so releases the disc, causing it to return to its original position. The process is repeated for each number.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Inspectors of Marriages.

From the way legislation is tending, it is quite obvious that we English will soon be a nation composed of two kinds of people: the inspectors and the inspected. Every sensible person will, of course, make haste to secure an inspectorship, in order to avoid the odious supervision of those set in authority. Or will there—rapturous thought!—be chief inspectors for the inspectors, with a kind of grand inquisition at the head of all? Anyhow, the happy, careless days of youthful freedom are now over, and it seems everybody's business to inquire, to instruct, to caution, and to prevent. Just now we are gaily embarking on the adventure of preventing unsuitable marriages: the feeble-minded are to be dissuaded, by Act of Parliament, from entering into matrimony. It is even to be a penal offence for a clergyman to perform the ceremony between a congenital fool and another person. This is all very well as far as it goes, but is the Act to apply to all classes? Some people would call Dickens's Dora Copperfield a feeble-minded person, but she was long the type of artless girl specially admired by the more strenuous type of Briton. Such Britons married Doras by the hundred, hoping to bend them to their will—and needless to say, they failed. We can quite imagine the kind of middle-aged bore that Dora would have developed into; indeed, it is chiefly her early demise which has allowed her to make her mark, so to speak, in literature. There are nice distinctions, to be sure, in imbecility, and the young husband in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' play who constantly assures us that "he may be an ass, but he is not a silly ass," voices the general attitude towards feebleness of intellect. It remains to be seen whether the new Act is to apply to eldest sons of Peers, to septuagenarian millionaires, to frolicsome undergraduates, and others who are inclined to contract unsuitable alliances, or whether, as usual, it is only the submerged who are to be "inspected" in this delicate matter.

Baiting the Woman.

There are critics who seem surprised that a great "scene" in which a lawyer baits a woman does not appeal to theatre-goers in 1912 as it did to those of twelve years ago. The reason is not far to seek. Much water has flowed under the bridge since the period of the South African War. The average man in these islands has been sternly disillusioned. He no longer throws stones, judges people summarily, or imagines himself a superior being in relation to other nations or to the feminine sex. He has begun to ask himself if his code towards women is either just or fair, especially as regards morals. The solidarity of women—especially with respect to the "frail" of their own sex—has worked wonders in opening his eyes towards his own shortcomings. He has a feeling that all is not right, and that the other half of humanity cannot be always judged by hard-and-fast rules. Indeed, the whole of the Bar seems to be in a conspiracy to let off or to "let down" women caught within the toils of the law. Woman-baiting seems to be among those sports

which have fallen into a curious disfavour. So, when an eminent actor, personating a K.C. with a variegated Past, puts a charming lady to the most extreme mental anguish, the audience has an uneasy suspicion that this elderly, worldly lawyer is not called upon to judge her. It is the New Attitude, but it has come to stay.

The Whisper-Girl.

There is a great deal of argument going on about labour unrest, but this restlessness is typical of all classes nowadays, and the craze for high speed, for news at every moment of the day and night, for constant change and excitement, is shared by everyone. An enterprising manager has just introduced a so-called Whisper-Girl who is allowed to circulate among the audience at his theatres, communicating telephone messages

to all whom they concern. The innovation is described as a success, but most of us would think that persons who cannot get through a play without wanting to be "rung up" had better sit in a telephone-box and not in the stalls of a theatre. We can picture the Whisper-Girl entering the darkened auditorium just as the heroine is going to make that fateful explanation to the hero, pushing past us to deliver an audible telephone message to the lady or gentleman in the middle of the stalls. Already we have the late arrival fiend, who treads on our toes and obstructs our view of the play mid-way through the first act. We have also the fidgety gentleman who must always go out in each interval, though he comes back with the same vacant countenance with which he left us, having apparently failed to imbibe any intellectual stimulus in the foyer. These we have always with us, if we go to the playhouse for an evening's quiet entertainment. And the charm of an evening at the play lay partly in the fact that, once inside the theatre, one might forget the stress and strain of life

outside, the bustle, the turmoil, the sempiternal unrest. Even this blessing is now done away with, and the theatre of the future, I suppose, will have a telephone instrument in front of every stall.

The "Draggle-Tailed Gipsies."

Before George Borrow and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton had conspired to write romances about the Romany Rye and invest them with a glamour which they do not possess in real life, gipsies were not viewed with a favourable eye—nor, indeed, are they nowadays in a good many counties. Warned away from the valleys and fertile lands, where their depredations are often serious, they now swarm on the beautiful uplands of Southern England, leaving horrid traces behind them wherever they encamp. Miss St. Loe Strachey tells us, in the *National Review*, how these unsavoury folk are ruining one of the beauty-spots of this island—Newlands Corner, on Merrow Down, which looks over the length and breadth of Surrey. We have sentimentalised too long, it appears, over these modern "Egyptians," whose epithet of "draggle-tailed," in the famous Devonshire ballad, describes them to a nicety, and should lead to their sequestration in some settlement.



THE SEASON'S LURE: SPRING MANTLES AND HATS.

The figure on the left wears a small hooded mantle, in grey crêpe-de-Chine; the cowl is formed just above the waist and is weighted down by a velvet bow. The hat, in the same shade of grey, is trimmed with white wings. The middle figure has a soft satin mantle, with a bow pattern worked over it in fine braid, and wide sleeves in the kimono style; the three-cornered hat has ostrich-feather plumes at either side. The right-hand figure has a small shoulder-wrap, made of shot taffetas; its turnover collar, revers, and frill round are scalloped out and button-holed over in thick silk.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 14.

THE MARKETS—ANGLO-CONTINENTALS.

AT the time of writing, markets are all in a wretchedly depressed condition, and each group seems to have its own troubles to account for this. The increase in the German Naval Estimates has dispelled the last hope of the surplus from last year's Budget being available for debt-reduction, and there has been a harder tendency for money, so that it is not surprising to find Consols consistently weak. Home Rails are naturally worried by the labour troubles and the symptoms of unrest that are apparent in so many directions; the strike of the lightermen on the Thames, which rapidly became acute, has caused a lot of inconvenience.

Nigerian Tin shares have been very weak, and the Anglo-Continental riddle does not seem any nearer solution. Mr. Balfour's report, which was read at the meeting of the West African Mines Company, was distinctly disappointing, while that of the Government Inspector of Mines, published in the Press two days later, was very optimistic. This latter, however, appears to have been written after only a cursory examination of the property, and that is probably why the Market refused to attach much importance to it.

No news is available which is less than a month old, and surely the shareholders are entitled to demand some official information? If the Directors were to cable out for even a short report of what has actually and definitely been established by the work done so far, it would go a long way towards restoring public confidence. After such a sensational fall as has taken place, it is ridiculous for the Directors not to insist on getting all the available information and publishing it.

RAILWAY NATIONALISATION.

This question was considerably in evidence at the time of the Coal Strike, and it cropped up again last week when the Premier received a deputation from the Trades Union Congress. "Is it your contention," asked Mr. Asquith, "that if the State were to take over the Railways, they would be able both to increase wages and lower the rates of freight?" And the answer was in the affirmative. The answer to this question is illuminating and clearly illustrates the attitude of the Socialists. Nobody disputes the fact that it would be possible to do both of these things—and make the taxpayer foot the bill! This line of reasoning does not seem to have convinced Mr. Asquith, any more than it does most of us, especially those who have had experience of the State-owned Railways on the Continent. To some extent, of course, Nationalisation would mean a saving of expense, but the gain in this direction would be as nothing compared with the inertia engendered by the absence of that stimulus which healthy competition alone can give. The whole question is far too large to go into here. It seems more than possible that we shall one day find Nationalisation an accomplished fact, but, in the meantime, it is certainly satisfactory that the Premier made clear his dislike of the project.

PREMIUM BONDS.

Considerable misconception appears to exist with regard to these Bonds, and we so often get inquiries about them that it may interest some of our readers if we give a few facts. Some of the Continental cities, such as Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, etc., have made issues bearing only a low rate of interest, which varies between two per cent. and four per cent.; but, in addition to this, bondholders participate in periodical drawings for large premiums. For instance, there is an issue of the City of Paris bearing four per cent., redeemable in 1928 at par (500 francs), and in addition there are four drawings every year, with 150,000 francs as the highest premium. The price is about £21 15s., or a little less.

City of Brussels 2½ per cent. stand at about 4½ per 100-franc bond, and are redeemable at 110 before 1992. In this case there are six annual drawings, and the highest premium is 100,000 francs.

For those who are willing to be content with a smaller yield in the hope of securing a prize, these bonds offer a perfectly safe investment, but they should always be purchased through a reliable broker. Foreign bankers are continually sending out circulars offering this class of bond at prices far above the market value.

BURMAH OIL REPORT.

The Report of this Company, which has just been issued, is rather disappointing, inasmuch as the dividend has been reduced from 20 per cent. to 15 per cent. for the year; but the figures in the Report are more satisfactory than the distribution would lead one to expect. Depreciation, for instance, has been more liberally attended to, receiving £336,700, against £276,600 last year.

As we stated a week or two back, we fully expected that the dividend would have been at the same rate as last year; but, in spite of the reduction, we do not think shareholders need be over-anxious. The Company has been put to considerable expense during the period under review owing to the rate war in the Far East, but they are now definitely established in that market, and oil prices are so high that prospects for the current year could hardly be better, and we shall be surprised if the distribution is not raised twelve months hence.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Holidays have seldom come more welcome to the Stock Exchange than those of Whitsun this year. The House had an acute attack of nerves, following upon a severe fit of financial indigestion, and a few days' rest does enable one to get a clearer perspective than can be obtained by standing in the markets all day long and watching prices crumble badly. Wild rumours of every sort and description, except good, fill the air.

Had one believed a tenth part of the trouble which was rumoured during the last few days, he would certainly have considered that the majority of the Stock Exchange members were in a bad way. Of course, little importance is attached to the nonsense which gets talked at times of stress, but it does have its effect in adding an extra lining to the blanket of depression which weighs upon prices. Brokers who have buying orders from their clients are inclined to urge the purchasers to postpone their intention, for every broker is eager that his clients should get in as near the bottom as possible, just as he wants them to get out close to the top.

How the markets will be moving what time this appears I, for one, wish to goodness that I knew. The rôle of a prophet is at all times a thankless one, and if he attempts to write some time in advance of publication, his theories are likely to undergo extremely unkind bouleversement in the interval. It is so hard to persuade clients, or even oneself, that the proper thing to do is to make up one's mind as to what is cheap, and to buy the stock regardless of a possible fall of a point or so before the market turns. Even in the case of Home Rails, the temptation is to defer purchases when the market looks weak, although an order may come definitely to buy the stock. The experienced broker, of course, goes and makes the purchase, for he knows well enough that the unexpected happens, and his own judgment may turn out to be at fault, in which case he gets no thanks for having used a wrong discretion; while, should the price go down, his delay is not always appreciated as it might be. Clients are kittle cattle, and I daresay that most of them think we brokers are the same sort of animals—in fact, they tell us so occasionally; and when once a broker starts arguing with a client, a thousand-page letter-book had better be ordered.

The new scale of commission will come into force next week, modified, probably, in a few details that will have little significance to the ordinary British investor or speculator. There is no doubt that on railway stocks the official charges are onerous. They are likely to drive away a considerable amount of business from the Stock Exchange. They are likely to play into the hands of bucket-shops. They will provide a certain class of newspaper with the opportunity for drawing attention to the iniquities of the Stock Exchange, in order that those same newspapers may attract the bucket-shop advertisements into their own columns. I think it is a great pity that the scale was not fixed more liberally and with greater elasticity, and a good many of us hope that it will not be long before the Committee see their way to make reductions in this direction. This week a number of agents have been let loose on the Continent, promising German, French, and other foreign clients that their business shall be put upon the "most-favoured-nation" terms—that is to say, that the orders they send shall be executed at half commission, where allowed by the new rules. There are interesting developments ahead of us; some, probably, which are quite unexpected at present, and we wait to see what we shall see, provided we shall live in the meantime.

The labour agitations at home drive attention once more to foreign stocks and shares. I hear the rise in Brazil Railway Common shares, from 60 to nearly double that figure, characterised as sheer impudence, just as, many years ago, we used to listen to the same sort of talk in connection with Canadian Pacifics. I don't mean to say that Brazil Rails are on a par with Canadian Pacifics; but the Brazil Company is worth mentioning as an illustration of the way in which a big rise arouses contempt and disparagement in some Stock Exchange circles. Personally, I think Brazil Rails will go much higher, but that is a detail, and they are not things which should be bought by the man or woman who suffers from nerves and insomnia. There are plenty of foreign things which are worth putting away now. A note I saw in last week's *Sketch* drew attention to some of the more promising Mexican shares and bonds, and there is little doubt that, when Mexico has recovered from the hiatus in its prosperity brought about by the revolution, the country will go ahead like a kangaroo. United of Havana Ordinary stock is being picked up by shrewd people. A number of the Uruguayan Railway varieties are well worth having. There is so much to attract capital abroad that for the life of me I cannot see why it is necessary to trot out political reasons to account for the shrinkage of prices in the Home Markets. The labour unrest has been fed, of course, by the present Government. Without necessarily committing himself to political opinions of one sort or another, any man will acknowledge that the present Administration has looked upon the claims of labour with an eye far too favourable for the comfort of the Stock Exchange, and he will admit that the prospect of a change of Government would be a splendid bull point for the markets. Of that, however, there is little chance just yet, and we must go on taking things as we find them.

One of the Managers of the House, at the recent dinner of the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund, told a little story which, though a chestnut, is applicable to the state of mind of a good many people interested in stocks and shares just now. He related how a vicar left an evening sermon to an extremely youthful curate, with the request that he might know the subject of the discourse in advance, in order that he might select an appropriate hymn to be sung directly afterwards. The extremely young curate, much flustered and agitated, was unable to say what his subject would be, and the vicar turned over the leaves of his hymn-book, looking anxiously for something that would be suitable, as he considered, to the occasion. At last he found what he wanted, and just before the extremely young curate mounted the pulpit to begin his sermon, the vicar announced one of the hymns "for those at sea"!

The most rational thing to do with Anglo-Continentials is to leave them alone, and amuse oneself with watching the fight between the *Financial Times* and the *Daily Mail* in connection with the shares. The *Financial Times* is bearish and the *Daily Mail* is bullish, so make your game, gentlemen. There are some of the other things in the Nigerian Tin Market, however, which are good enough to buy. Jos, for instance, are cheap at 6s. Tin Areas are worth picking up under half-a-sovereign, and I have private information concerning Keffi which seems to make those shares look remarkably cheap at anything like 7s. 6d. Of course, it is a matter of waiting, now. The Nigerian Tin Market has been

[Continued on page 255.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

"Do-Ups" for Dances.

Those who imagine that a lot of dances, several each evening, all of second and third-rate importance, make for the brilliance of a season, should hear the guests, especially the women guests, talk of these entertainments. "Of course, I only wear 'do-ups,'" says one very smart lady. "No one in her senses would wear a decent dress to that kind of dance." "If the hotel ball-room floor isn't dirty, those of staircases or lounges are," says another. "New ball frocks?—not while enough is left whole to cover them," said a chaperon of girls. "Dances in private houses are such crushes; clothes get ruined," says a third. Such opinions, differently expressed, are rife. They are all excuses for not buying new clothes now; Court mourning is used as another. We all know that hotel floors, ball-room and otherwise, are often scrupulously clean. A lady who has been taking her girl out since dancing began this year says she feels a wreck, and the girl looks one, so they are going into the country until after Ascot. To me it seems that dances are being overdone. They are like those inhumanly uncomfortable entertainments termed "at homes." There was a perfect epidemic of them at first, and one could have gone to five a day; everyone said how nice they were. Now one has to be what an Irishman called blue mouldy with dullness before one would go to any of these mournful travesties of hospitality. It is an open secret with dance-hostesses that they have to bribe young men with dinners to get them to dances, and that even maidens begin to like them best if some of the dancing is done vicariously, as when, at a recent ball, Anna Pavlova sprang out of a basket of flowers at the close of a cotillon and showed the whole art of dancing to those who had been doing it for amusement, the poetry of motion to those who had been taking more or less violent exercise. Too many hostesses on too level a social plane are rendering these many



ABOUT TOWN IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY: PORCH HOUSE, AND OTHER OLD BUILDINGS IN "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND," AT EARL'S COURT.

decided before details can be arranged. The hum of hows and whys, and ways and means, that went on last week at Paquin's was continuous, as group after group of clients examined a gallery of waxen ladies, fair and lovely, dark and daring, all wearing creations for the season. Some were in British silks, soft and of exquisite colour, brocaded and plain, all of satin sheen; others in rich brocades, of colourings bold and subtle; evening gowns, day dresses, garden-party frocks, exhibited in a most instructive and informing way; magnificent hats and attractive sunshades. All these things, under the ægis of a lady famous for her dresses, naturally attracted the crowd feminine.

Return to Turn-Outs.

There is no denying that motor-cars are convenient, and because of that they are here to stay. They are not beautiful, and to my mind have a beetle-like characteristic about them. Watch them from a height, going about a wide expanse of country, and see how weird and insect-like they look, their speed being from there hardly noticeable. For dignity a well-turned-out carriage-and-pair is the thing. I saw the Duchess of Portland the other morning in a neat, elegant victoria drawn by a pair of white Arab horses, with two neatly liveried servants on the box. Later in the same day, I saw the Marchioness of Londonderry in a high landau on cee springs, drawn by a pair of fine bays, about seventeen hands, with the coachman in a wig, and both servants in plush and knee-breeches liveries. Those two turn-outs settled down into my mind with the utmost satisfaction. Motor-cars remained a crowd of swiftly moving, more or less evil-looking insects or instruments of destruction.

A Treasure-House of Art Furniture.

Islington is probably the very last place where the uninitiated would think they could find really beautiful, genuine antiques at figures which, when one thinks what similar objects fetch at celebrated auction-rooms, are sensational bargain prices. The Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, 48, and 50, Park Street, Islington, are filled with magnificent specimens of genuine pieces of furniture of the best periods. The initiated never allow an interval of any time to elapse



WHERE SOME OF THE GREATEST PLAYS EVER WRITTEN WERE FIRST PRODUCED: A REPLICA OF THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE, AT "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND."

"Most interesting of all [old London theatres]," says the Official Guide to "Shakespeare's England," at Earl's Court, "is Shakespeare's own Globe, which stood upon the Bankside, and in which Shakespeare himself had such an interest, producing his own plays there. Built in the year 1600, and burned down in 1613, it had but a short life. But in that life some of the greatest dramatic works the world has ever seen were brought to light. The building erected at Earl's Court is a replica of this first Globe. . . It has been constructed carefully after the specification for the building of the Fortune Theatre [which was] to be built in all respects like the late Globe, except that the shape of the Fortune was square and that of the Globe was circular." When Queen Alexandra visited "Shakespeare's England" on the opening day, the Pyramus and Thisbe scenes were given in the Globe Theatre.

dances mercies not very thankfully received! When a Duchess gives a ball or an ex-Prime Minister a dance, then are they very special occasions for which invitations are keenly coveted.

For the Races.

Women who love big races, for the opportunity they afford of wearing becomingly pretty clothes quite as much as for sport—it may be more—are busily considering the questions for Epsom and Ascot: Paniers or classical uninterrupted length of line? Stripes or sprigs, silken fabrics or lingerie? Many most important questions of this kind have to be



WHERE A MODEL OF "THE LITTLE 'REVENGE'" IS TO BE SEEN: THE OLD GATEWAY OF PLYMOUTH HARBOUR AND QUAY AT "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND."

without a visit to these galleries, fearing to miss an opportunity of becoming possessed of some treasure. The King of Spain, one of many clients in high places, has given the firm his Royal Warrant, and with it is a letter of appreciation, sent by his Majesty's order, of a very large commission executed for him by the firm. One treasure is a Buhl piano-case of 1683, one of the only two in existence. Even these two differ. All kinds of really beautiful antiques abound in these fascinating galleries, where Indian Maharajahs, Dominion Premiers, Peers, Peeresses, and millionaires, together with humbler cognoscenti, delight to look for treasures.

Continued from page 256.]

thoroughly discredited by the Anglo and one or two other affairs, with the result that people are saying in disgust that they will touch nothing more in the Tin line. This is, in its way, almost as much a mistake as it was to buy the shares at high prices. The shrewd buyer gets in when things are depressed, not when they are high. But there are not many of us who have sufficient sense to do this; we get in when they are good, and out when they are bad. This is no flattering reflection, but when markets themselves are so flat, the bull has no mind for flattery, and I am sure that you will look for none from

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

SOUTH AFRICAN DEATH DUES.

Last week we referred to this subject, but space prevented our fully dealing with it, and its eventual effect on the price of South African securities, even of the best class. It is a drawback now that death duties upon shares in companies carrying on business in South Africa held by persons residing here have to be paid both in South Africa and in England, but the new proposed legislation will be even more detrimental to this class of investment; and we hardly think that the authors of the proposal can have realised what they are doing. An annual duty of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. is to be charged on the value of all dividend-paying bearer shares or debentures, and $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the value of all shares and debentures registered in the name of any company domiciled outside the Union, whether the same are dividend-paying or not; the effect of which is to put an income-tax on capital value.

There are a number of trust and insurance companies here which hold South African securities, and if they are made to pay an annual tax on the capital value they will inevitably get rid of such unpleasant holdings, to the detriment of the price and the general discredit of South African investments. In other words, the yield on all such securities must be placed on a higher level to make them attractive, so that while an investor may be willing to buy an Australian or South American investment which yields 5 per cent., he will require a higher rate of interest to tempt him into a South African. It is bad enough to have to pay English death duties, and a South African death duty as well, on a holding in, say, the Standard Bank of South Africa, but an annual tax on the capital value as well seems to be carrying things a little too far, even for the supporters of the present Union Government. Mr. Hull, the author of the obnoxious proposals, has been forced to resign rather than face the storm he has raised.

This sort of legislation does more harm to the country that enforces it than to anybody else, and for South Africa, which is crying for capital to develop its resources, to embark upon this line appears to us most unwise. Let us hope the attempt will be dropped.

SPARKLETS.

It does not seem that we have a monopoly of labour unrest. In New Zealand all the miners have struck work.

Lord Harris was not over-encouraging at the last meeting of the West African Mines. He evidently does not like Gold Coast Banket as well as Rand Banket.

Mr. Balfour seems a long time making up his mind as to Jemaa. A month ago he telegraphed that he did not think it was a true tin lode, but since then not a word has he sent.

The Ecuador Government is keeping up payments in respect of the Guayaquil Bond service. We recommend the Council of Foreign Bondholders to publish in sterling the amounts received, for to most people "84,024 sucres handed to Banco Agricola" conveys very little. It is, of course, about £8400.

The whole of the Prior Lien issue interest arrears have been paid, and only £16,000 (or a month's remittances) for the sinking-fund arrears remains to be sent, before the sums sent over become available for the 5 per cent. bonds.

Friday, May 24, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BOURNE.—(1) We suggest City of Antwerp, City of Liège, or Crédit Foncier of France 1879 Bonds; (2) Deal with N. Keizer and Co., of 31, Threadneedle Street, E.C.; (3) We do not know the firm you name.

LUDLOW.—We cannot give an opinion as to the Gold Bonds. To deal, a broker would have to communicate with his agents in the United States.

J. L. T.—The worst thing we know against the Company you name is the number of paid-for puffs which appear in the Press. It is, we are told, doing well. We have mentioned several Oil Companies in our Notes and in this column during the last few weeks.

ORPHAN.—The list is quite a good one. For a higher return you might try (1) Rio Tramway bonds; (2) Chicago Rock Island 5 per cent. Debentures; (3) Argentine National Bank 6 per cent. Mortgage Bonds. We prefer any one of these to Portuguese stock.

CONSTANT READER.—See our Notes in last week's issue. The bonds are as good as Argentine Government stocks, and the British Bank of South America will collect the interest for you.

NOTE.—In consequence of the holidays we are obliged to go to press early with this issue. Correspondents will, we hope, forgive us if they are unanswered.

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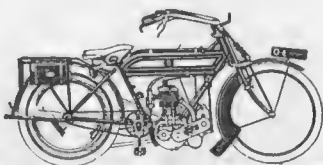
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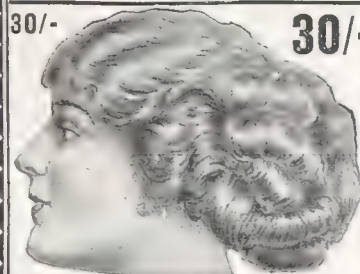
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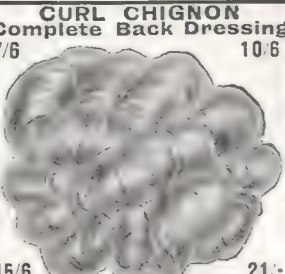
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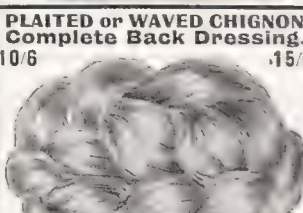
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A Phone-y Dialogue

SHE : "That you, Phil?"

HE : "Yes, dear; what's wrong?"

SHE : "Well, you're a very naughty boy. I asked you to bring me a bottle of Odol, and you've brought me some other dentifrice that I can't possibly use. What did you ask for, stupid?"

HE : "Oh, I was in a hurry and I forgot the name, and the man handed me something that I presumed was all right."

SHE : "Oh, Phil, you should do as you're told. Here have I been using Odol for months and months, and feeling and looking very much better for it, as you know. Why, you said the other day it was a treat to see me smile nowadays, my teeth looked so lovely—and then you go and forget!"

HE : "I'll bring you half-a-dozen bottles to-night. I admit it was an awful blunder on my part. But wait a minute, dear. Hold the line. (*Resumes after a pause.*) Of course, Odol—O—d—o—l. Odol—the scientific dentifrice. The dentifrice that the society beauties are all using, and which the actresses crack up so."

SHE : "What do you know about actresses?"

HE : "Only as much as they show me from behind the footlights when you go with me to the theatre, darling. Of course, I know Odol. Don't I share your bottle? I find it makes the mouth so fresh, and keeps the teeth in fine fettle for eating—(*sotto voce*) and drinking."

SHE : "That's it."

HE : "The stuff that the doctors and the dentists recommend."

SHE : "Yes, yes, that's it—Odol."

HE : "The liquid antiseptic dentifrice, that puts all other dentifrices and tooth-powders, tooth-pastes, and tooth-soaps out of the running."

SHE : "That's it, you darling."

HE : "That keeps the teeth from decaying, and the mouth from bad tastes, and the breath from malodours, and really costs less than other dentifrices because it lasts so long—and all that."

SHE : "Why, you splendid Phil, you know all about it, after all."

HE : "Yes, my typist, Miss Smith, has just been posting me."

SHE : "What's that you say?"

HE : "Yes, love, I'll bring you the bottles—Sweet

Rose-flavoured Odol

for you—the Stand-

ard Odol, with the

stronger flavour,

shall be mine. I'll

not forget."

SHE : "But

what's that about

Miss—what do

you call her?

Miss—Miss—"

HE : "Oh, I'll

not miss anything this

time, sweetest. By-by."

(Rings off.)



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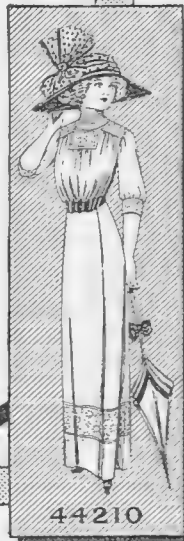
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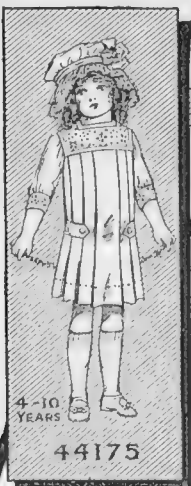
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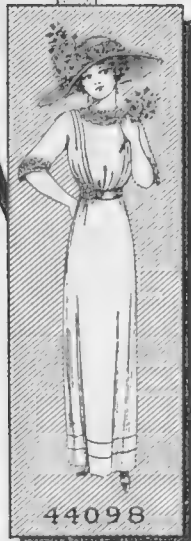
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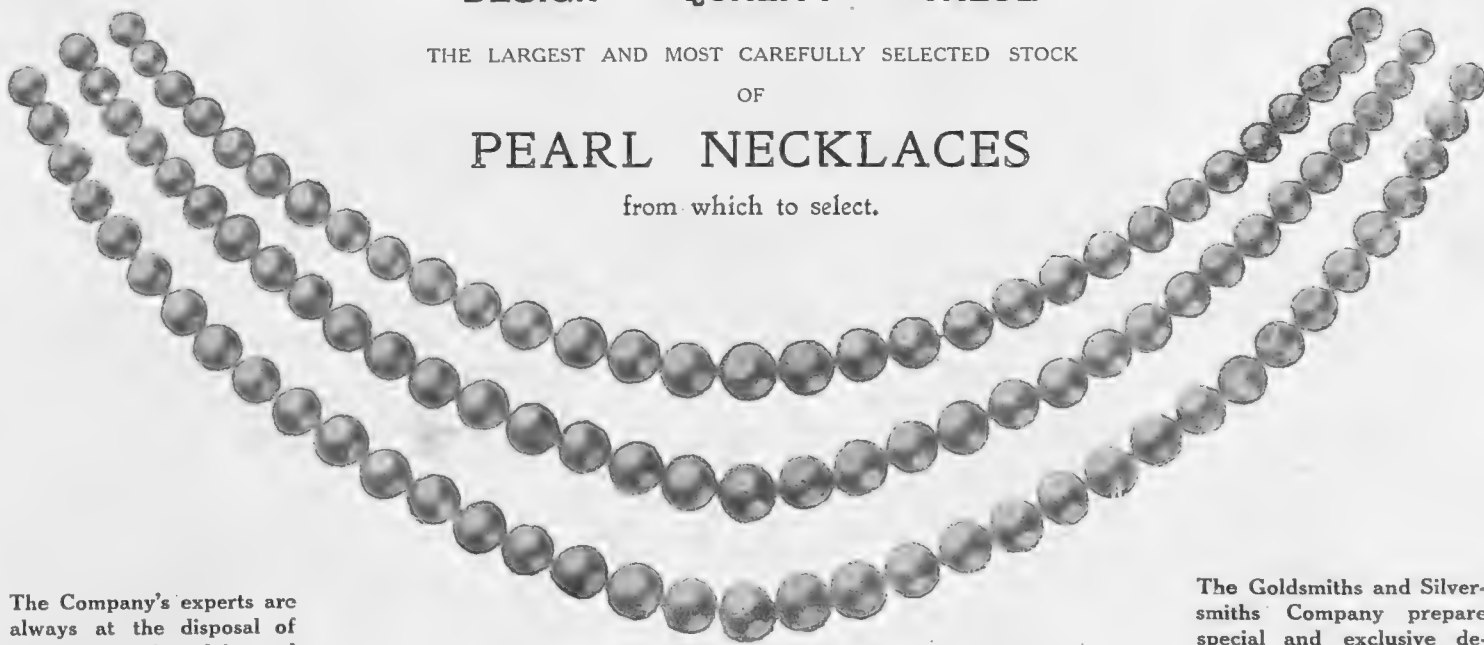
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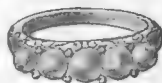


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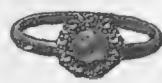
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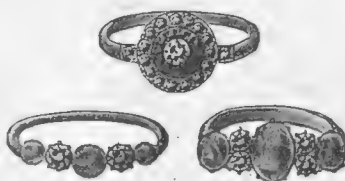


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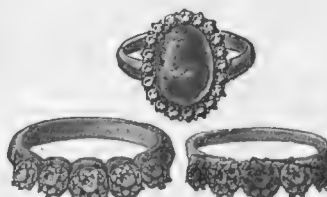


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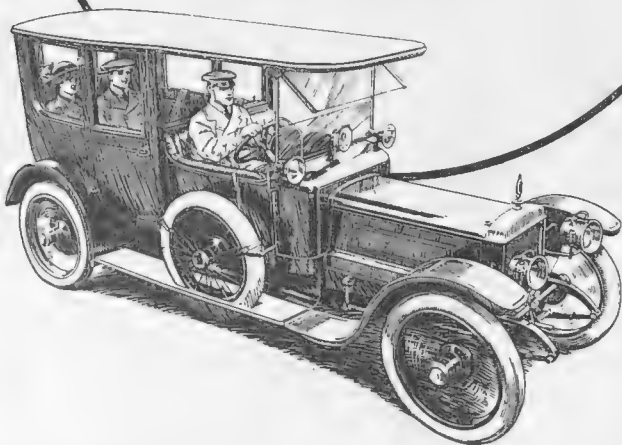
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Quality

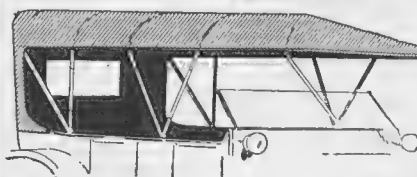
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21

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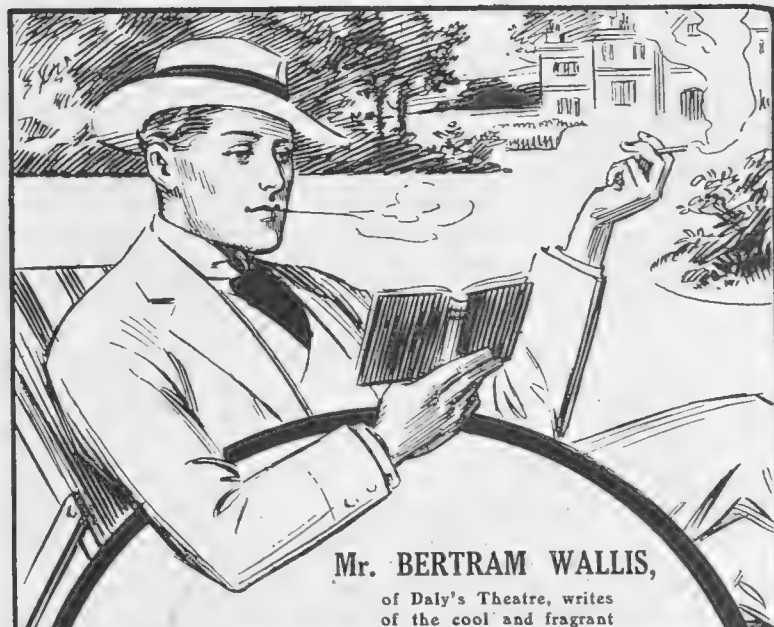


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Photo.
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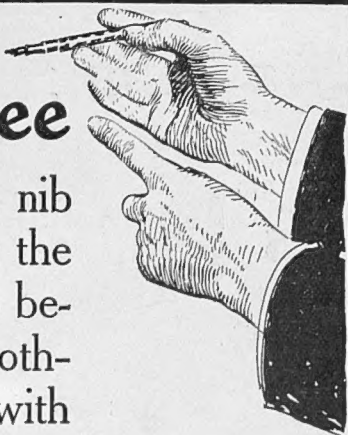
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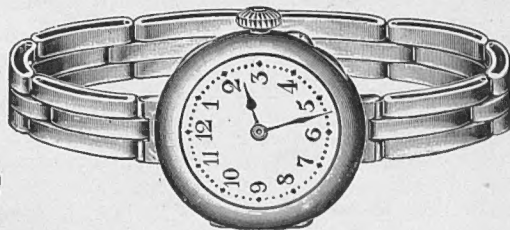
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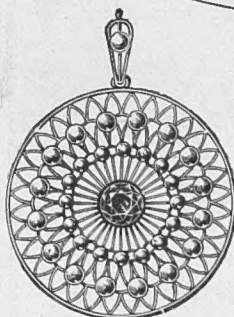
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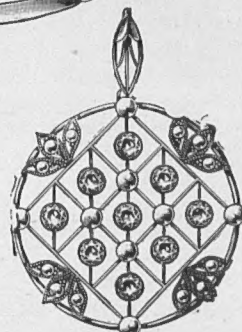
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Is 'NUGGET' used in Your Home?



WARNING.

Whereas information has been laid before the North British Rubber Co., Ltd., that certain Motor Cars or Chassis are being imported into this country to which are fitted Pneumatic Tyres impressed or marked with the name "CLINCHER," such Tyres not being of the North British Rubber Co.'s manufacture, We are instructed to hereby give notice to all concerned that the word

"CLINCHER"

as applied to Tyres is the property and registered trade name of the North British Rubber Co., Ltd., and cannot be used in this country in respect of any such goods not of their manufacture.

And that in each case discovered, steps have been taken to prevent the use in this country of these improperly marked Tyres.

Further, that immediate proceedings will be commenced against any person or persons importing, dealing in, using, or being found in possession of such Tyres.

J. NICHOLLS AND SON,

12, Old Jewry Chambers, London, E.C.

Solicitors to the North British Rubber Co., Ltd., Clincher House, Gt. Portland St., London, W.

The man from Cork

met an Ulster friend in a Londonderry hotel.

In two minutes the South man was beaming appreciatively at a partly emptied glass.

"I see," said he, "when you ask for a special whiskey in the North you get John Jameson, like we do in Cork."

"Why, of course, what else can 'special' mean?" asked the North man.

You will share the wonder of the Ulster man, and the gratification of the man from Cork, the moment you try

John Jameson's
Three ★ ★ ★ Star
Whiskey

John Jameson & Son, Ltd., Dublin.

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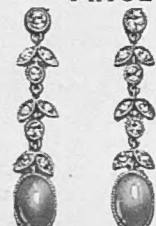
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Benger's food is for infants, invalids, and all whose digestive powers have become weakened through illness or advancing age.

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latest Creations—or write now for the
Souvenir Booklet.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Educating the Public.

Once again the proprietors of that energetic and patriotic journal, the *Daily Mail*, are intent on the promotion of an aerial event which shall do much to bring home to an always too apathetic public the ever-increasing importance of the aeroplane. This time big cash prizes do not form a feature of the proposal. With a view of bringing the movement under the observation of thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants of this island who read little and think less of mechanical flight, it is intended to send aeroplanes of the latest design in charge of expert aviators round the whole of Great Britain. The undertaking actually started on Thursday, 16th inst., when M. Salmét, the well-known Blériot pilot and hero of the Paris-and-back flight, left Wormwood Scrubs at 6.10 p.m. and arrived at Reading, the first stage. On Saturday he flew from Reading to Bath, and continued to Bristol, where he stayed the week-end. He was to continue to Cardiff on Tuesday, 20th. As M. Salmét's times of departures and routes are published, the whole countryside turns out to watch him.

To Know the Reason Why.

In view of the frequent recurrence of fatal flying accidents, I suggested some time ago in these columns that the Royal Aero Club, or some other authority, should follow the example of the Board of Trade in connection with shipping and the railways, and institute inquiries as to the provoking causes in each case. By the official notices appearing in *Flight* I am pleased to note that the Royal Aero Club is now convinced of the necessity of some procedure of the kind, and, with a view to conducting a thorough and systematic investigation of all flying accidents of a serious nature, has formed a Public Safety and Accidents Investigation Committee. This is a move in the right direction. Amongst other things, *Flight* suggests the appointment at every aerodrome of a properly qualified Club official: for any report to be of service should include the results of an examination of the damaged machine by an expert.

A Stitch in Time.

Owing to the difficulty and bother of dealing with small surface-cuts in tyres, the motorist frequently neglects them, unwisely, for these small cuts invite the ingress of water and grit, and mean costly repairs later. What is necessary to the sure repair of these insidious little wounds is a thoroughly effective tyre-cement which will instantaneously and

permanently seal them up. Under the name of "Stayput," the B. F. Goodrich Tyre Company, Ltd., of 117, Golden Lane, E.C., have just put a plastic rubber cement on the market for this purpose. It is self-drying and self-curing and can be applied by anyone, no skill being needed. It effects a permanent closure and saves pounds.

The New R.W. Detachable Wheel.

Detachable wheels have come so rapidly into favour that the allegations made with respect to their insecurity, numerous as they have been from time to time, would not appear to have established anything like a prejudice against them. But their apparent complication, or what looked like complication to the lay mind, has no doubt caused misgivings in some quarters. The fact that those responsible for them recommended occasional attention with the locking-spanner or other implement at least suggested that occasional attention was necessary to security, and that even the best of them could not be expected to look after themselves altogether. But now the pioneers of detachable wheels, Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth and Company, Ltd., are putting out a detachable wheel which laughs at carelessness, and, if ill-secured at first, will of its own force and intent render itself absolutely secure in a few revolutions. The device, though eminently simple, cannot be adequately described in the space at my disposal; it is enough here to say that the self-tightening and self-locking device consists of three parts only—the inner hub, the outer hub, and a concentrically coned lock-nut. Simplicity can no further go.

Baggage Trailers.

Those outside the circle of the "idle rich," who are bound to certain times and seasons for their hardly earned holidays, will shortly fall to contemplation of where they shall go, and in what manner. If a motor tour, preferably abroad, is resolved upon, and from the point of view of economy it consists, as it should, of not less than four travellers, there always arises the question of the stowing of the baggage really necessary to the party. Now, a modern open touring-car—and no self-respecting tourist desirous of real enjoyment would tour in any other—is singularly unfitted for the accommodation of such impedimenta. The bulk of what is taken is, as a rule, boomed out on a luggage-carrier subtending the rear of the car—about the worst possible position it could be made to assume. In this respect, I think we shall hear more of the light trailers made to tow behind, two of which have been lately illustrated in the technical Press, but both of which are to my mind susceptible of considerable improvement.



THE PLEASURE EXCURSION

of an afternoon, or the tour extending over weeks, will be characterised by the highest attainable degree of travelling comfort, when the car is fitted with

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TYRES AND DETACHABLE WIRE WHEELS.

The delightful resilience of the Dunlop tyre contributes largely to its unique durability, and when this is combined with the resilience of the Dunlop wheel the results yielded constitute the limit in economy.

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